The Bystander Christmas Number, 1935 Vol. CXXVIII. No. 1666A.

BYSTANDER

CHRISTMAS NUMBER, 1935

May it go with a Swing . . .

A Christmas-card wish from the "Bystander" to its Readers

The Carol Singers : By Relf

KENSINGTON NIGHT'S ENTERTAINMENT

By Margery Sharp

Illustrations by John Reynolds

" I happened to be crossing the road, so I stopped and gave the chap something "

"COFFEE in the sitting-room, dear," said the Colonel's wife.

The three men rose to their feet, the Colonel opened the door for her. She was young and charming, but the only woman present, and the flow of Army shop would scarcely be slackened by her very punctual departure.

" And Baghdad," resumed the Colonel, " is the queerest of the lot. Other places are queer, too, of course ; Harbin 's pretty queer, and so is Muttra ; but they 're queer in a normal sort of way. Whereas Baghdad——"

" Is almost as queer as London," agreed the Doctor thoughtfully.

The Colonel frowned.

" I wasn't going to say that at all. I should never think of saying it. We 've lived in London ever since we came home—in three different parts, too, before we took this flat—and it strikes me as the most law-abiding spot on the face of the earth." He frowned again ; he had a suspicion that the Doctor was laughing at him ; and his fine chestnut complexion—the true old Anglo-Indian—deepened with annoyance.

" I agree with Doctor James," said the third man unexpectedly. " It *is* rum. Turn off the Tottenham Court Road and you find a bit of Italy ; take the tube to Aldgate East and it might just as well be Jerusalem. A queer thing happened to my Aunt——"

But he was interrupted at that moment by a curious sound from the street below. It was a long, quavering wail, which presently settled down into three-four time ; and as the beat became stronger, and the quavering less, it was possible to recognise the easier bars of the Blue Danube waltz.

" That reminds *me* of a queer thing," said the Doctor suddenly. " One of these fellows comes into it. I was crossing a road in Bayswater——"

" Nothing queer about that," snapped the Colonel. " When we were in Bayswater I wrote three letters to the *Times* and one to the Chief of Police. I 'm damn well going to write to him again."

" The queer part 's to come," observed Dr. James mildly. " I happened to be crossing the road, so I stopped and gave the chap something. He was dashed awkward about taking it ; he hadn't a cap, and seemed to be trying to turn his back on me. And that was what really made me look at him ; for it was one of the best set-up backs I 'd ever seen."

" Able-bodied idler," grunted the Colonel. " Why wasn't he in the Army ? "

" He was," said the Doctor amiably.

The Colonel stared.

" Was what ? "

" In the Army," said the Doctor filling his glass. " I won't tell you his name, but he was an Indian Army subaltern on long leave. The rum thing was, I knew him, for we 'd come home in the same boat ; and I was so astonished that I grabbed him by the shoulder and asked what the hell he was doing."

The third man grinned.

" That 's an easy one. A bet, of course ? "

" Exactly. Someone had bet him a fiver, he said, that he couldn't perform half an hour in public without being assaulted ; and as he had still twenty minutes to go, I left him to it. It struck me at the time as rather a good joke."

The Doctor paused, but not for long ; with the Colonel waiting to tell a story about Baghdad, and the third man waiting to tell a story about his Aunt, there was no time to finesse.

" It varied," he said thoughtfully. " It ended up damn well, but in the meantime I thought it a bit poor. For the next day, d' you see, I came across him again. And the day after that. Whether he 'd lied about the bet I didn't know, but he 'd certainly lied about the time limit. He seemed, in fact, to have taken up the thing as a regular profession ; and he wasn't doing too badly."

" Must have been insane," said the Colonel firmly. " I 've done some damn silly things myself, but nothing so cockeyed as that. I mean, putting a sun-helmet on that Eros thing, for instance——"

" Is the act of a gentleman," agreed Dr. James. " I must say I felt rather that way myself. Especially when about a week later I saw him take twopence off a young woman who looked as though she wanted a square meal. Well, it was none of my business, and I was just passing on, when Brodie (we 'll call him Brodie) chanced to turn round and see me. I dare say I wasn't exactly beaming on him, and he looked a bit sheepish ; anyway, he came over to my side of the road and said something about feeling a bit of an ass. I agreed with him.

" ' I don't keep it, of course,' he said.

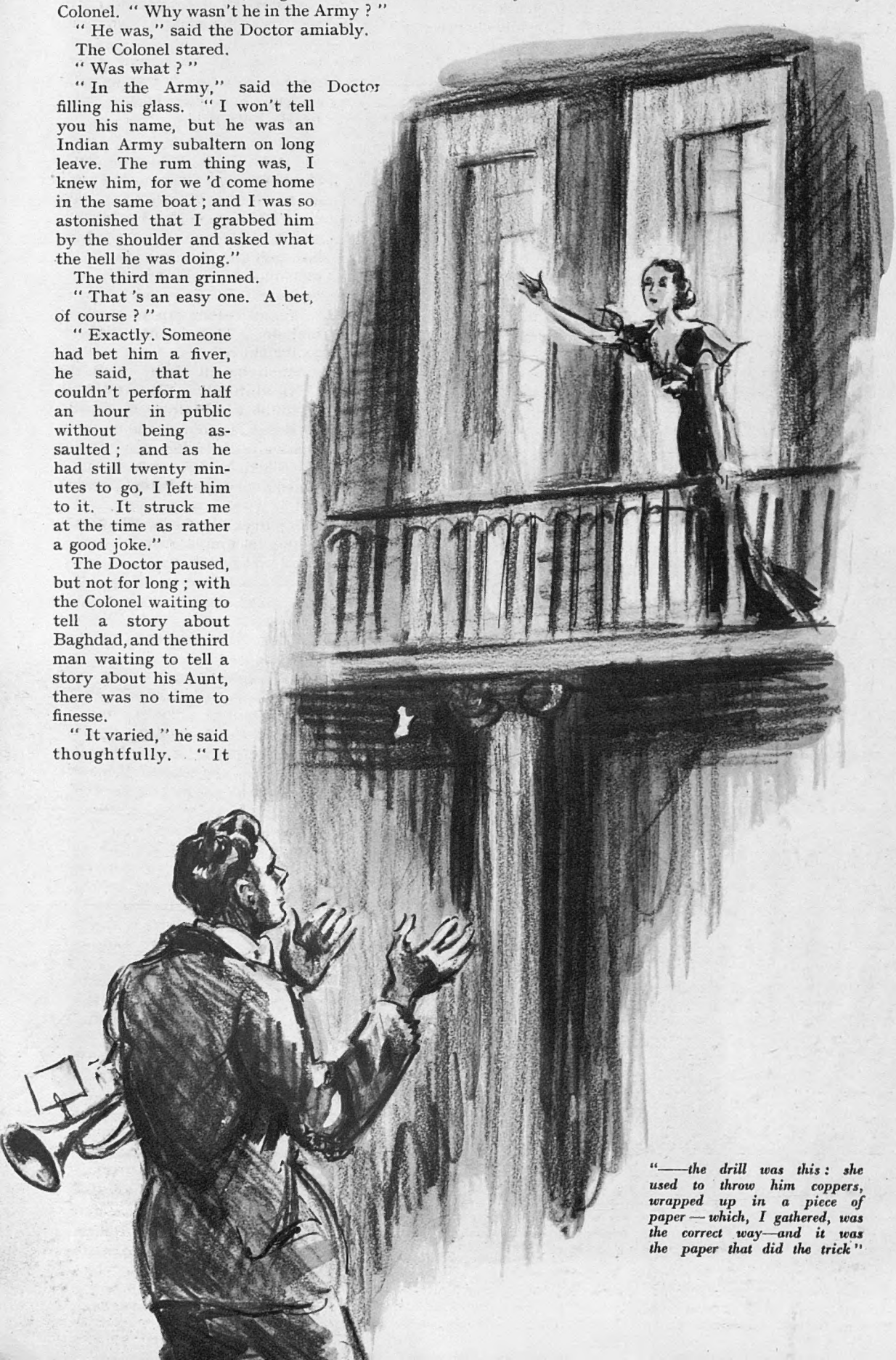
" ' Then why do you take it ? ' I asked.

" He mumbled something about not arousing any suspicion ; and then, all at once, he began to grin. It was plain he thought himself the hell of a clever fellow, and it was equally plain he was bursting to tell someone about it. To make matters short, he added that there was not much hope just then, anyway, and what about a drink ?

" ' Much hope of what ? ' I asked, as we walked along ; but he sheered off, and only remarked that I needn't mind being seen with him (and he did look the living picture of a tramp), because people would only assume I was a good, kind gentleman offering him a job. He 'd had three offers in the past fortnight, he told me, but all to do housework. I told *him* that if he 'd hired a few medals, he might have got a job as a boot-boy."

" Huh ! " grunted the Colonel appreciatively. " What did he say to *that* ? "

" Oh, he didn't say anything. In fact, he didn't open out again until we 'd each put down a couple of drinks. Then he suddenly admitted that his original story of the bet was all my



"——the drill was this : she used to throw him coppers, wrapped up in a piece of paper — which, I gathered, was the correct way—and it was the paper that did the trick"

eye. It was more than a month since he 'd started this—this Blondel stunt—"

" Blondel ? " interrupted the Colonel suspiciously. " Wasn't that the fellow who cooked omelettes on a tight-rope ? "

" No," said the Doctor. " That was Blondin. Blondel played tunes outside castles. But we didn't get on to that for some time, because he had too much to tell me about the life of an itinerant musician. Oddly enough, he 'd done quite well at it. He said (very honestly) that the worse you played the more sympathy you aroused ; and he 'd aroused it to the tune of a quid a week."

" What did he do with the money ? " asked the third man.

" That 's what I wanted to know, and he said he used to put it in the boxes outside hospitals. But it used to bother him a good bit all the same, because the people who parted most freely were always the ones who looked the worst off themselves. There was a man with a fruit-barrow, for instance, who used to give him over-ripe bananas, and a girl in a café who slipped him pieces of cake. He loathed bananas, and the cake was always stale, but he naturally had to wolf them down. The popular theory, he told me, amongst his new pals, was that he was a real gent who 'd done time. Having been in prison was apparently the same sort of social asset as having been in the Brigade, and though he couldn't buck too much, for fear of giving himself away, he used to hint extensively at robbery with violence. Taken all in all, he 'd been having the time of his life."

The Doctor paused again, this time to fill his glass ; but the story was by now holding its audience.

" If he 'd been one of those writing blokes," observed the third man, " I 'd say he was doing it to get local colour. I suppose it *wasn't* that, by any chance ? "

" What *was* he doing it for ? " demanded the Colonel peremptorily.

" For love," said Dr. James, setting down the decanter. " It came out in the end—no names mentioned, of course, and all very hush-hush and gentlemanly—but he was like a pup with two tails who can't help wagging them at you. And it *was* pretty ingenious. For the lady was married, to a husband who very properly kept an eye on her, and this serenading business was their means of communication. Brodie used to play outside her window——"

" Let 's hope she hadn't an ear for music," put in the third man.

" Whether she had or not didn't matter," said the Doctor. " He wasn't winning her heart with melody. For the matter of that, it was won already. No, the drill was this : she used to throw him coppers, wrapped up in a piece of paper—which, I gathered, was the correct way—and it was the paper that did the trick. There wasn't always time to write on it ; but if the coast was clear, if her husband was out, or just going, the coppers were wrapped in a telegraph-form, otherwise it was just plain paper ; and from the number of forms in his pocket-book, young Brodie was having a far from thin time."

There was a short silence ; then the Colonel's moustache, stiff and curly as a sea-lion's, began to rise and quiver. The story had evidently appealed to him.

" Dashed resourceful," said the Colonel appreciatively. " We 'll drink the young fool's health. Here 's luck to him ! "

" Here 's luck to him ! " echoed the third man, raising his glass. " Now, my Aunt——"

But the story of the third man's Aunt was never told, for at that moment the door opened, and their hostess stood smiling on the threshold.

" IF you don't come for your coffee *at once*," she said severely, " I shall send you all out to the club for it. Or were you—" her eye sought the Colonel's with humorous understanding—" or were you possibly going there in any case ? "

The Colonel looked at his watch.

" As a matter of fact, my dear, I think we might. Pick up a game of bridge, perhaps. That is, of course, if you 'll be all right ? "

" Oh, *I* shall be all right," said the Colonel's wife dutifully. She smiled all round (her smile was really very charming), then paused, as though the insistent beat of the waltz had only then caught her ear. " There 's that man again ! " she exclaimed. " I simply must give him something ! "

And going over to the writing-desk, she took out a telegraph-form.

THE END.

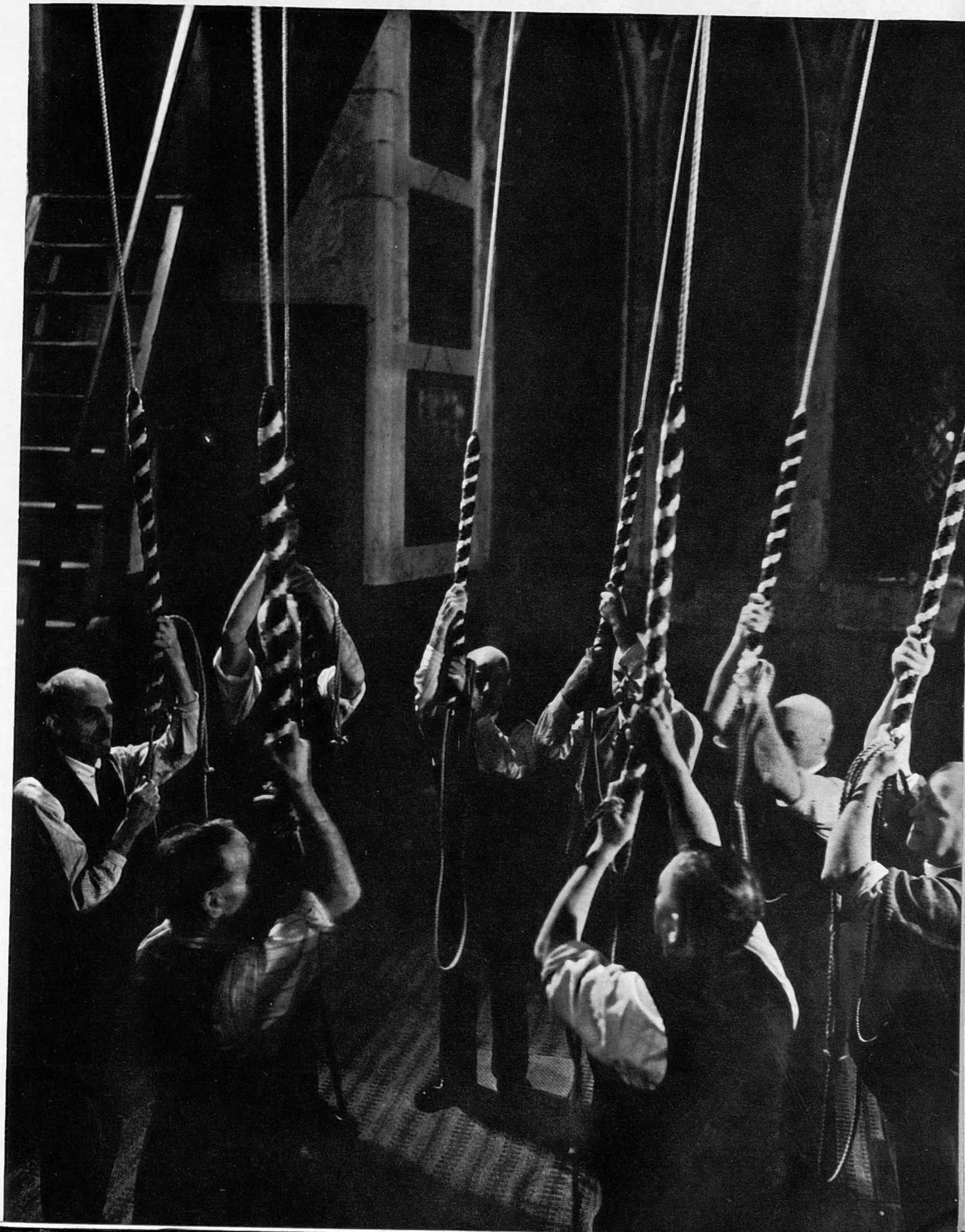
And going over to the writing-desk, she took out a telegraph-form

THE NIGHT WATCHMAN

From the Camera Study by John Everard

THE CHRISTMAS PEAL

From the Camera Study by John Everard



OLD MAC'S for 1936

Nicolas Bentley Drew the Pictures

The French Government will fall

January

THE year will open quietly in the usual way. A million Englishmen will be in the neighbourhood of St. Paul's to watch the Scotsmen bring in the New Year. There will be, of course, no Scotsmen. The usual exodus of beautiful creatures will take place for Switzerland and Austria, but they will not be long out of our minds. For photographs of them all, in trousers, will soon come filtering back to the weekly papers. Swiss journals will chronicle the complete absence of snow in Austria, together with an unparalleled series of snow avalanches. Austrian papers will do the same for Switzerland.

The French Government will fall.

The normal plague of buff forms will settle over many homes, accompanied in some instances by the even more pestilential blight, the blue writ. The Channel Islands, however, will escape almost entirely.

The *Daily Flail* will point out that one million aeroplanes are insufficient to protect even Thanet against aggression from Guatemala.

The *Daily Depress* will discover a trade boom and will continue to misprint the word "through" as "thru."

Mr. Baldwin will explore every avenue to find something or other

February

SNOW, wind, sleet, some sun. Do not forget to observe the 14th, which is Lord C-stl-r-ss-'s Day. Climbing plants should be encouraged. Colefaxia Ascendens is the hardiest of these and will climb anywhere even without encouragement.

Test match teams for the visit to Australia in 1937 may be chosen now.

Miss Marion Lorne will break the habit of a lifetime and will act in one of her husband's plays.

Advertisements will appear in agony columns offering Wimbledon seats for sale at the usual rates of £100 for a half-crown seat. Mr. Hugh Walpole will write a preface to someone else's book. Mr. J. B. Priestley will write two prefaces to two books.

March

GOLDEN MILLER either will or will not compete in the Grand National. Flat racing, and catching, opens. Eighteen young gentlemen from Oxford and Cambridge Universities begin signing autograph-books at Putney for enraptured flappers.

The French Government will fall. Mr. Baldwin will explore every avenue to find something or other. Sir Stafford Cripps will do a good deal of denouncing. Scotland will defeat England in the Calcutta Cup.

April

SOME showers. Two hundred and thirty-nine sporting journalists will refer to the imminence of the cricket season as the "Advent of King Willow." A rash of hunt balls will break out all over the country, and two thousand (estimated) photographs will be published of young ladies with faces like slices of venerable halibut. These will be taken at six a.m., after the hunt ball is over, and the only consolation that the young ladies will have is that their escorts will look like two thousand (estimated) demented golliwogs.

The Cambridge crew will paddle from Putney to Mortlake, and, half an hour later, Oxford will do the same. The Halford-Hewitt Golf Tournament will be held at Deal, and the BYSTANDER'S golf correspondent will be as svelte and willowy as ever on behalf of the Old Carthusians. Mr. Roosevelt's latest Bill will be

The usual plague of buff forms will settle over many homes

ALMANAC

Compiled by

A. G. Macdonell

Close season for badgers

rejected by Congress by 241 votes to 3, thereby demonstrating the President's tremendous hold upon the affections of the American people.

May

CRICKET season opens. Close season for badgers. Hake up to 17 oz. may be taken, but female dace must be thrown back. Pedestrians as usual. There will be some snow. The French Government will fall. A prominent painter will resign from the Royal Academy because his pictures have been rejected, and two more will resign because their pictures have been accepted. Mr. A. J. Munnings, R.A., will exhibit pictures of horses. The Academy will be worse than ever, as usual. May 2nd will be the anniversary of the collapse of the Yarmouth Suspension Bridge, just as it was last year. Sweet peas should be hoed. Rake artichokes. Pot beer.

It will, unfortunately, always be possible to see Bloomsbury

June

ONE hundred and twenty-four sporting journalists will refer to the Davis Cup as a "veritable League of Nations in the best and truest sense of the words." Mr. Roosevelt will be elected Democratic candidate for the Presidential Election. Nobody will ever have heard of the Republican candidate, whoever he is, so we won't bother to give you his name. Sow nasturtiums. Eton boys will hold annual outing and school treat on the 4th (parents may hire char-à-bancs for the day from Old Mac's Beanfeast and Whoopee Hire Service). Lady Dementia Verrey-Queare will visit Ascot. High water on the 15th at Immingham Docks will be at 4.21 a.m. and 4.48 p.m. Venus moves from Gemini, Saturn in Aquarius.

Megalographic Motion Picture Corporation produces new and original super-film, *Queen Cleopatra*, with Charles Laughton as Antony. World première will be attended by Mr. Edward Knoblock. Mr. Hugh Walpole will direct the production and will play the minor part of Charmian.

July

COLOSSOPHONE FILM COMPANY produces new original super-film, *Cleopatra of Egypt*, with Mr. George Arliss as Antony. Mr. Walpole, who will play the minor part of Iras, will direct the production. The world première will be attended by Mr. Edward Knoblock. Lancashire and Yorkshire play a drawn match at cricket. Oxford and Cambridge, Eton and Harrow, Eton and Winchester all play drawn matches at cricket. Mr. Anthony Eden visits Nicaragua to explain British policy in Afghanistan. The French Government will regard this visit as a serious breach of the San Sebastian understanding, which was the outcome of the Juan-les-Pins agreement that was based on the Deauville, Trouville, and Pourville démarches, and will resign in consequence. Pot begonias.

A thousand novels will be published during the month, of which nine hundred will be written by women, a thousand will be welcomed by the Sunday newspapers as "indubitable masterpieces" or "literally works of genius," and a thousand will be downright rubbish.

Channel-swimming will set in with its usual severity, and numbers of large ladies will perform the feat on behalf of one or other of the following: (I) their sixteen children; (II) their triplets; (III) their dog Ponto; (IV) the Black Areas; (V) the memory of Rudolph Valentino;
or (VI) advertisement.

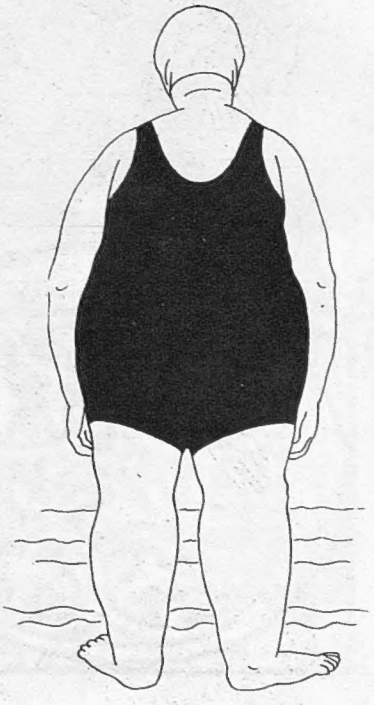
Christmas numbers of weekly journals go to press.

August

MR. ANTHONY EDEN visits Patagonia to explain that British policy in Bulawayo is an attitude of friendly abstention from everything. Eleven new and original super-films produced on the subject of Cleopatra. Owing to slight historical mix-up, in two of them Sir Cedric Hardwicke and Mr. George Raft appear as Mr. Anthony Eden. Mr. Knoblock visits all the eleven world premières.

The Book Society will choose another masterpiece as August Book of the Month in the short intervals between their labours in boosting their July Book of the Month. England will be totally depopulated, as, of course, everyone will be on the moors. Sir Plantagenet Debonnaire Sugg, the financier, will be at Glenachlachachlan as usual. The Gudawful-Pestes will be at Castle MacOstrich, and Lord

(Continued on page 74)



Channel-swimming will set in with its usual severity

Noël

A Photographic Study by Howard Coster

BY J. S. GOODALL

E

"This *is* a surprise! When I wrote, I *never* expected you would come!"

A Slice of Bad Luck

Strange Interlude at a Crimes Club Dinner

Illustrations by Ledoux

By Nicholas Blake

Carruthers' head was right on top of the food—lying on the plate like John the Baptist's. And from between his shoulder-blades there stood out a big white handle—the handle of a fish-slice

"NO," thought Nigel Strangeways, looking round the table, "no one would ever guess."

Ever since, quarter of an hour ago, they had assembled in the ante-room for sherry, Nigel had been feeling more and more nervous—a nervousness greater than the prospect of having to make an after-dinner speech seemed to warrant. It was true that, as the guest of honour, something more than the usual post-prandial convivialities would be expected of him. And of course the company present would, from its nature, be especially critical. But still, he had done this sort of thing often enough before; he knew he was pretty good at it. Why the acute state of jitters, then? After it was all over, Nigel was tempted to substitute "foreboding" for "jitters"; to wonder whether he oughtn't to have proclaimed these very curious feelings, like Cassandra, from the housetop—even at the risk of spoiling what looked like being a real peach of a dinner-party. After all, the dinner-party did get spoiled, anyway, and soon enough, too. But, taking all things into consideration, it probably wouldn't have made any difference.

It was in an attempt to dispel this cloud of uneasiness that Nigel began to play with himself the old game of identity-guessing. There was a curious uniformity amongst the faces of the majority of the twenty-odd diners. The women—there were only three of them—looked homely, humorous, dowdy-and-be-damned-to-it. The men, Nigel finally decided, resembled in the mass sanitary inspectors or very minor Civil Servants. They were most of them rather undersized, and ran to drooping moustaches, gold-rimmed spectacles and a general air of mild ineffectualness. There were exceptions, of course. That elderly man in the middle of the table, with the face of a dyspeptic and superannuated bloodhound—it was not difficult to place him; even without the top-hat or the wig with which the public normally associated him, Lord Justice Pottinger could easily be recognised—the most celebrated criminal judge of his generation. Then that leonine, mobile face on his left; it had been as much photographed as any society beauty's; and well it might, for Sir Eldred Traver's golden tongue had—it was whispered—saved as many murderers as Justice Pottinger had hanged. There were one or two other exceptions, such as the dark-haired, poetic-looking young man sitting on Nigel's right and rolling bread-pellets.

"No," said Nigel, aloud this time, "no one would possibly guess."

"Guess what?" inquired the young man.

"The bloodthirsty character of this assembly." He took up the menu-card, at the top of which was printed in red letters

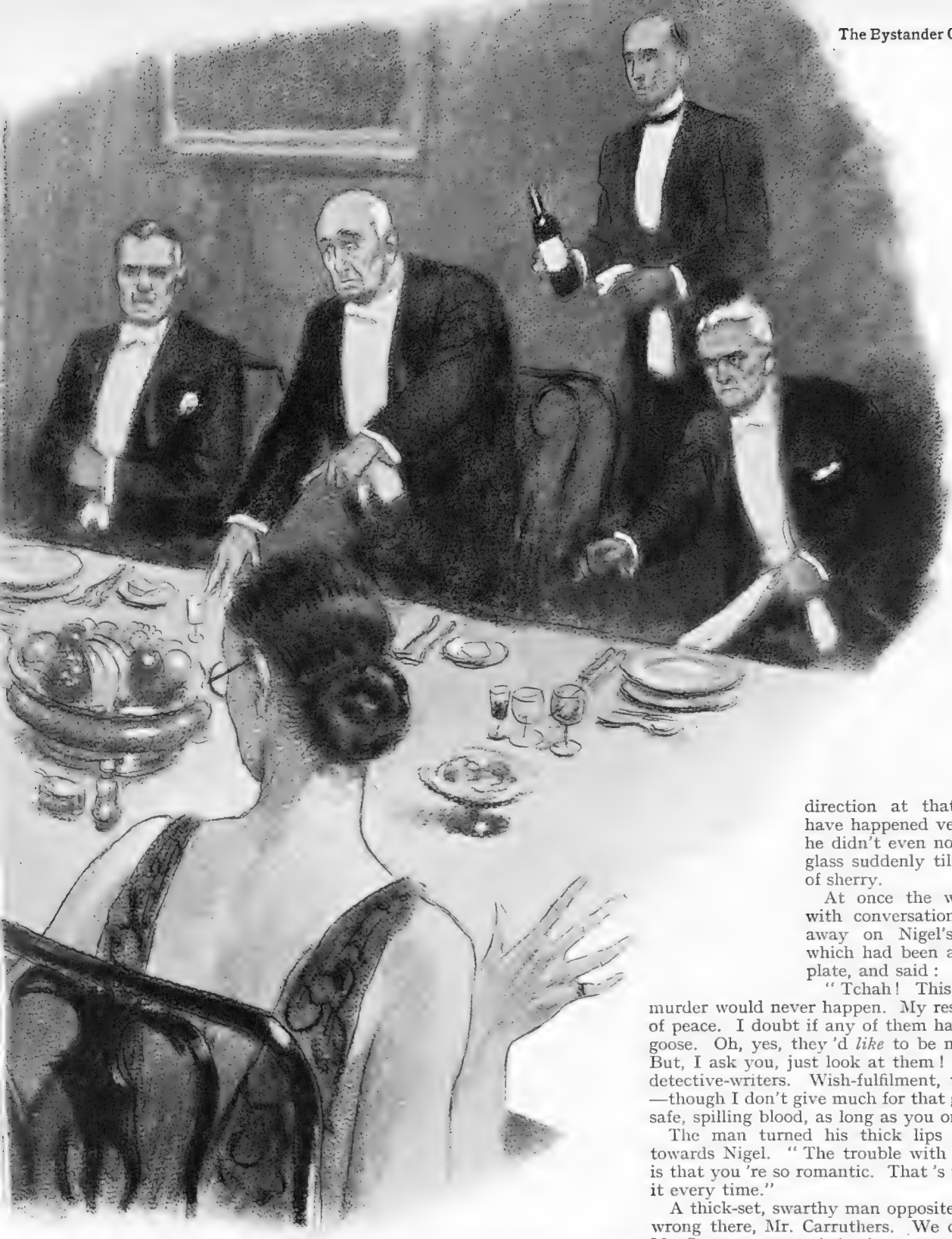
THE ASSASSINS

Dinner, December 20th.

"No," laughed the young man, "we don't look like murderers, I must admit—not even murderers by proxy."

"Good lord! are you in the trade too?"

"Yes. Ought to have introduced myself. Name of Herbert Dale."



Nigel looked at the young man with increased interest. Dale had published only two crime-novels, but he was already accepted as one of the élite of detective writers; he could not otherwise have been a member of that most exclusive of clubs, the Assassins; for, apart from a representative of the Bench, the Bar and Scotland Yard, this club was composed solely of the princes of detective fiction.

It was at this point that Nigel observed two things—that the hand which incessantly rolled bread-pellets was shaking, and that, on the glossy surface of the menu-card Dale had just laid down, there was a moist finger-mark.

"Are you making a speech too?" Nigel said.

"Me? Good lord, no. Why?"

"I thought you looked nervous," said Nigel, in his direct way.

The young man laughed, a little too loudly. And, as though that was some kind of signal, one of those unrehearsed total silences fell upon the company. Even in the street outside, the noises seemed to be damped, as though an enormous soft pedal had been pressed down on everything. Nigel realised that it must have been snowing since he came in. A disagreeable sensation of eeriness crept over him. Annoyed with this sensation—a detective has no right to feel psychic, he reflected angrily, not even a private detective as celebrated as Nigel Strangeways — he forced himself to look round the brilliantly-lighted room, the animated yet oddly neutral-looking faces of the diners, the maître d'hôtel in his white gloves—bland and uncreased as his own face, the impassive waiters. Everything was perfectly normal; and yet . . . Some motive he was never after able satisfactorily to explain forced him to let drop into the yawning silence:

"What a marvellous setting this would be for a murder."

If Nigel had been looking in the right direction at that moment, things might have happened very differently. As it was, he didn't even notice the way Dale's wine-glass suddenly tilted and spilt a few drops of sherry.

At once the whole table buzzed again with conversation. A man three places away on Nigel's right raised his head, which had been almost buried in his soup-plate, and said:

"Tchah! This is the one place where a murder would never happen. My respected colleagues are men of peace. I doubt if any of them has the guts to say boo to a goose. Oh, yes, they 'd *like* to be men of action, tough guys. But, I ask you, just look at them! That 's why they became detective-writers. Wish-fulfilment, the psycho-analysts call it—though I don't give much for that gang either. But it 's quite safe, spilling blood, as long as you only do it on paper."

The man turned his thick lips and small, arrogant eyes towards Nigel. "The trouble with you amateur investigators is that you 're so romantic. That 's why the police beat you to it every time."

A thick-set, swarthy man opposite him exclaimed: "You 're wrong there, Mr. Carruthers. We don't seem to have beaten Mr. Strangeways to it in the past every time."

"So our aggressive friend is *the* David Carruthers. Well, well," whispered Nigel to Dale.

"Yes," said Dale, not modifying his tone at all, "A squalid fellow, isn't he? But he gets the public all right. We have sold our thousands, but David has sold his tens of thousands. Got a yellow streak though, I 'll bet, in spite of his bluster. Pity somebody doesn't bump him off at this dinner, just to show him he 's not the infallible Pope he sets up to be."

Carruthers shot a vicious glance at Dale. "Why not try it yourself? Get you a bit of notoriety, anyway; might even sell your books. Though," he continued, clapping on the shoulder a nondescript little man who was sitting between him and Dale, "I think little Crippen here would be my first bet. You 'd like to have my blood, Crippen, wouldn't you?"

The little man said stiffly: "Don't make yourself ridiculous, Carruthers. You must be drunk already. And I 'd thank you to remember that my name is Cripps."

At this point the president interposed with a convulsive change of subject, and the dinner resumed its even tenor.

While they were disposing of some very tolerable trout, a waiter informed Dale that he was wanted on the telephone. The young man went out. Nigel was trying at the same time to listen to a highly involved story of the president's and decipher the very curious expression on Cripps' face, when all the lights went out too . . .

THERE were a few seconds of astonished silence. Then a torrent of talk broke out—the kind of forced jocularity with which man still comforts himself in the face of sudden darkness. Nigel could hear movement all round him, the pushing-back of chairs, quick, muffled treads on the carpet—waiters, no doubt. Someone at the end of the table, rather ridiculously, struck a match, it did nothing but emphasise the pitch-blackness.

"Stevens, can't someone light the candles?" exclaimed the president irritably.

"Excuse me, Sir," came the voice of the maître d'hôtel, "there are no candles. Harry, run along to the fuse-box and find out what 's gone wrong."

The door banged behind the waiter. Less than a minute later the lights all blazed on again. Blinking, like swimmers come up from a deep dive, the diners looked at each other. Nigel observed that Carruthers' face was even nearer his food than usual. Curious, to go on eating all the time——. But no, his head was right on top of the food—lying in the plate like John the Baptist's. And from between his shoulder-blades there stood out a big white handle; the handle—good God! it couldn't be; this was too macabre altogether—but it *was*—the handle of a fish-slice.

A kind of gobbling noise came out of Justice Pottinger's mouth. All eyes turned to where his shaking hand pointed, grew wide with horror, and then turned ludicrously back to him, as though he was about to deliver a verdict.

"God bless my soul!" was all the judge could say.

But someone had sized up the whole situation. The thick-set man who had been sitting opposite Carruthers was already standing with his back to the door. His voice snapped.

"Stay where you are, everyone. I 'm afraid there 's no doubt about this. I must take charge of this case at once. Mr. Strangeways, will you go and ring up Scotland Yard—police surgeon, finger-print men, photographers—the whole bag of tricks; you know what we want."

Nigel sprang up. His gaze, roving round the room, had registered something different, some detail missing; but his mind couldn't identify it. Well, perhaps it would come to him later. He moved towards the door. And just then the door opened brusquely, pushing the thick-set man away from it. There was a general gasp, as though everyone expected to see something walk in with blood on its hands. It was only young Dale, a little white in the face, but grinning amiably.

"What on earth——?" he began. Then he, too, saw . . .

AN hour later, Nigel and the thick-set man, Superintendent Bateman, were alone in the ante-room. The princes of detective fiction were huddled together in another room, talking in shocked whispers.

"Don't like the real thing, do they, Sir?" the Superintendent had commented sardonically; "do 'em good to be up against a flesh-and-blood problem for once. I wish 'em luck with it."

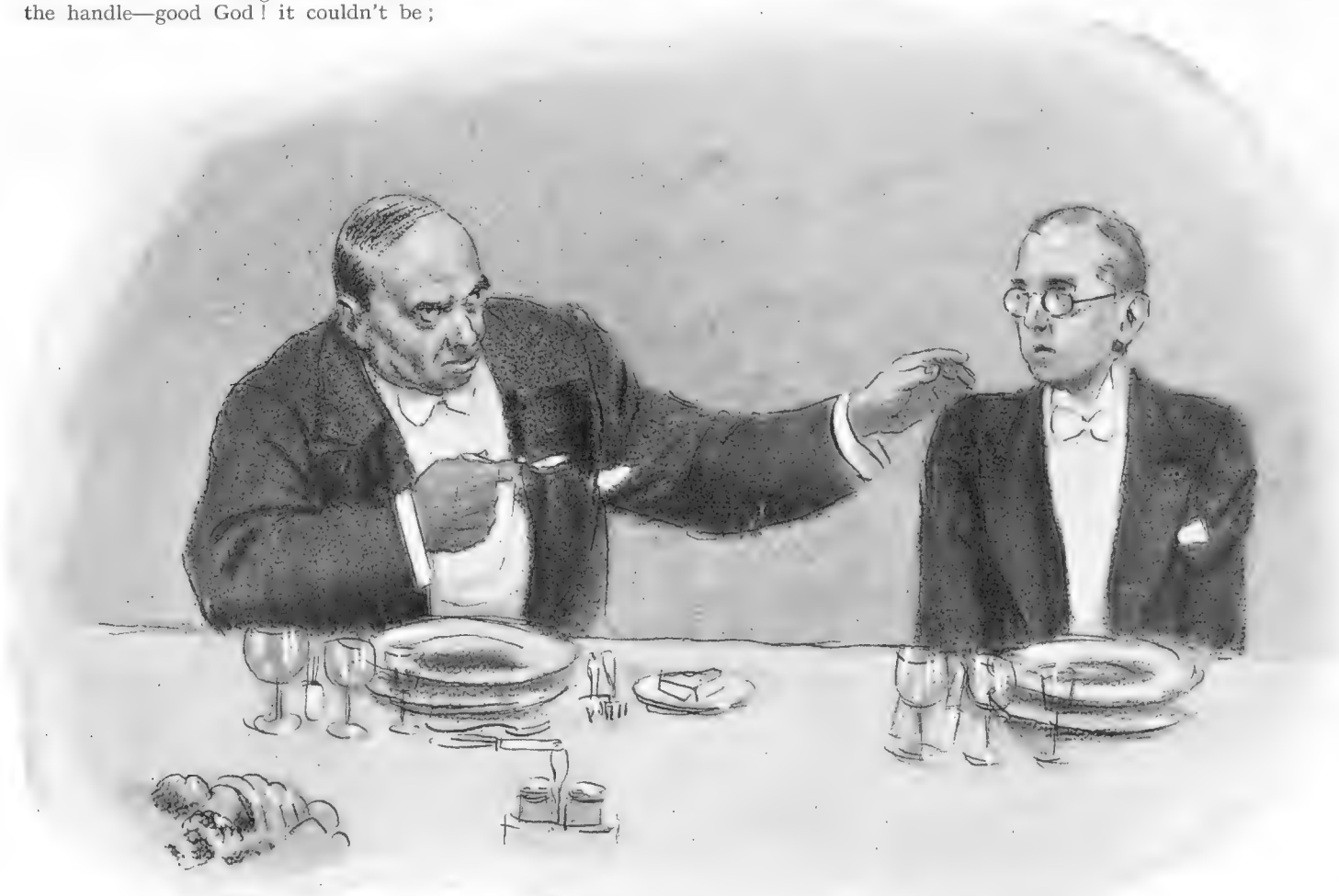
"Well," he was saying now. "Doesn't seem like much of a loss to the world, this Carruthers. None of 'em got a good word for him. Too much food, too much drink, too many women. But that doesn't give us a motive. Now this Cripps. Carruthers said Cripps would like to have his blood. Why was that, d'you suppose?"

"You can search me. Cripps wasn't giving anything away when we interviewed him."

"He had enough opportunity. All he had to do when the lights went out was to step over to the buffet, take up the first knife he laid hands on—probably thought the fish-slice was a carving-knife—stab him, and sit down and twiddle his fingers."

"Yes, he could have wrapped his handkerchief round the handle. That would account for there being no finger-prints. And there 's no one to swear he moved from his seat; Dale was out of the room—and it 's a bit late now to ask Carruthers, who was on his other side. But, if he *did* do it, everything happened very luckily for him."

"Then there 's young Dale himself," said Bateman, biting the side of his thumb. "Talked a lot of hot air about bumping Carruthers off before it



The man turned his thick lips and small, arrogant eyes towards Nigel. "The trouble with you amateur investigators is that you are so romantic. That 's why the police beat you to it every time"

happened. Might be a double bluff. You see, Mr. Strangeways, there 's no doubt about that waiter's evidence. The main switch was thrown over. Now, what about this ? Dale arranges to be called up during dinner ; answers call ; then goes and turns off the main switch—in gloves, I suppose, because there 's only the waiter's finger-prints on it—comes back under cover of darkness, stabs his man, and goes out again."

" Mm," ruminated Nigel, " but the motive ? And where are the gloves ? And why, if it was premeditated, such an outlandish weapon ? "

" If he 's hidden the gloves, we 'll find 'em soon enough. And——" the Superintendent was interrupted by the tinkle of the telephone at his elbow. A brief dialogue ensued. Then he turned to Nigel.

" Man I sent round to interview Morton—bloke who rang Dale up at dinner. Swears he was talking to Dale for three to five minutes. That seems to let Dale out, unless it was collusion."

That moment a plain-clothes man entered, a grin of ill-concealed triumph on his face. He handed a rolled-up pair of black kid gloves to Bateman. " Tucked away behind the pipes in the lavatories, Sir."

Bateman unrolled them. There were stains on the fingers. He glanced inside the wrists, then passed the gloves to Nigel, pointing at some initials stamped there.

" Well, well," said Nigel. " H.D. Let 's have him in again. Looks as if that telephone call *was* collusion."

" Yes, we 've got him now."

But when the young man entered and saw the gloves lying on the table his reactions were very different from what the Superintendent had expected. An expression of relief, instead of the spasm of guilt, passed over his face.

" Stupid of me," he said, " I lost my head for a few minutes, after—— But I 'd better start at the beginning. Carruthers was always bragging about his nerve and the tight corners he 'd been in and so on. A poisonous specimen. So Morton and I decided to play a practical joke on him. He was to 'phone me up ; I was to go out and throw the main switch, then come back and pretend to strangle Carruthers from behind—just give him a thorough shaking-up—and leave a blood-curdling message on his plate to the effect that this was just a warning and next time the Unknown would do the thing properly. We reckoned he 'd be gibbering with fright when I turned up the lights again ! Well, everything went all right till I came up behind him ; but then—then I happened to touch that knife, and I knew somebody had been there before me, in earnest. Afraid I lost my nerve then, especially when I found I 'd got some of his blood on my gloves. So I hid them, and burnt the spoof message. Damn silly of me. The whole idea was damn silly, I can see that now."

" Why gloves at all ? " asked Nigel.

" Well, they say it 's your hands and your shirt-front that are likely to show in the dark ; so I put on black gloves and pinned my coat over my shirt-front. And, I say," he added in a deprecating way, " I don't want to teach you fellows your business, but if I had really meant to kill him, would I have worn gloves with my initials on them ? "

" That is as may be," said Bateman coldly, " but I must warn you that you are in——"

" Just a minute," Nigel interrupted. " Why should Cripps have wanted Carruthers' blood ? "

" Oh, you 'd better ask Cripps. If he won't tell you, I don't think I ought to——"

" Don't be a fool. You 're in a damned tight place, and you can't afford to be chivalrous."

" Very well. Little Cripps may be dim, but he 's a good sort. He told me once, in confidence, that Carruthers had pirated an idea of his for a plot and made a best-seller out of it. A rotten thing to do. But—dash it—no one would commit murder just because——"

" You must leave that for us to decide, Mr. Dale," said the Superintendent.

When the young man had gone out, under the close surveillance of a constable, Bateman turned wearily to Nigel.

" Well," he said, " it may be him ; and it may be Cripps. But, with all these crime-authors about, it might be any of 'em."

Nigel leapt up from his seat. " Yes," he exclaimed, " and that 's why we 've not thought of anyone else. And "—his eyes lit up—" by Jove ! now I 've remembered it—the missing detail. Quick ! Are all those waiters and chaps still there ? "

(Concluded on page vi)

The man shot a desperate glance around him ; then the bland composure of his face broke up. He collapsed, sobbing, into a chair

"...and please send me two Old Wellingtonian ties"

BY *HAILSTONE*

"Well, how was I to know it was loaded?"

BY ROUSON

Tragedy in the Old Manor House!

Xmas Greetings, 1935 ——— !

BY A. K. MACDONALD

The Face Under the Hat

By

Claudia Parsons

Sketches by Clark Fay

I.

THIS story tells itself in two conversations.

The first took place one January at midnight, when Dr. Evelyn Draper was roused by an incessant ringing of a bell. Opening the door of her flat she found Phyllida Munro, looking very pale and wild, her red-gold hair crowned with a wreath of grapes and vine leaves, and her evening cloak thrown carelessly over a leopard-skin and nakedness.

Drunk, thought Evelyn. She dragged her in and dumped her in a chair.

"I 'm awfully sorry to disturb you, Evelyn. I had to come. You do understand, don't you ? "

Evelyn didn't understand, but doubtless she would presently. Not drunk, after all, she thought, but evidently agitated. She remembered now that this was the night of the Clydesdale Ball, remembered having read somewhere that Phyllida was going to this carnival as a Bacchante. This, then, accounted for her appearance, but not for her wildness ; Phyllida was generally so sane.

She went to the sideboard for drinks, and as she did so wondered whether this had anything to do with Andrew. He would have been at the ball and Evelyn believed that Andrew, with his good looks and merry wit, was more desirable to Phyllida than the countless others. Nor would he long remain indifferent to her charm. Evelyn knew Phyllida's compelling personality ; indeed, had often thought how useful that character, that face, and all that wealth would be if Phyllida gave her mind to sterner problems. But Phyllida's was an aimless life, though certainly one that Andrew was well suited to share.

"Can I have whisky, Evelyn ? I feel I need some. Oh, Heavens, this has been the most extraordinary evening of my life ! I 've either been very heroic or very stupid."

"Unlike you not to know." Evelyn glanced sideways at Phyllida and added "What has Andrew been up to ? "

"Oh, Evelyn, how is he ? "

"Is he ill ? "

"My dear, don't you *know* ? "

Evelyn looked mystified.

"He 's in your hospital."

"Andrew in St. Ermine's ? What has happened ? "

"Why, his car came into collision with a lorry somewhere near Hyde Park Corner. They think the lorry skidded. It happened at about a quarter past eight this evening."

"That was after I left. Phyllida, is he badly hurt ? "

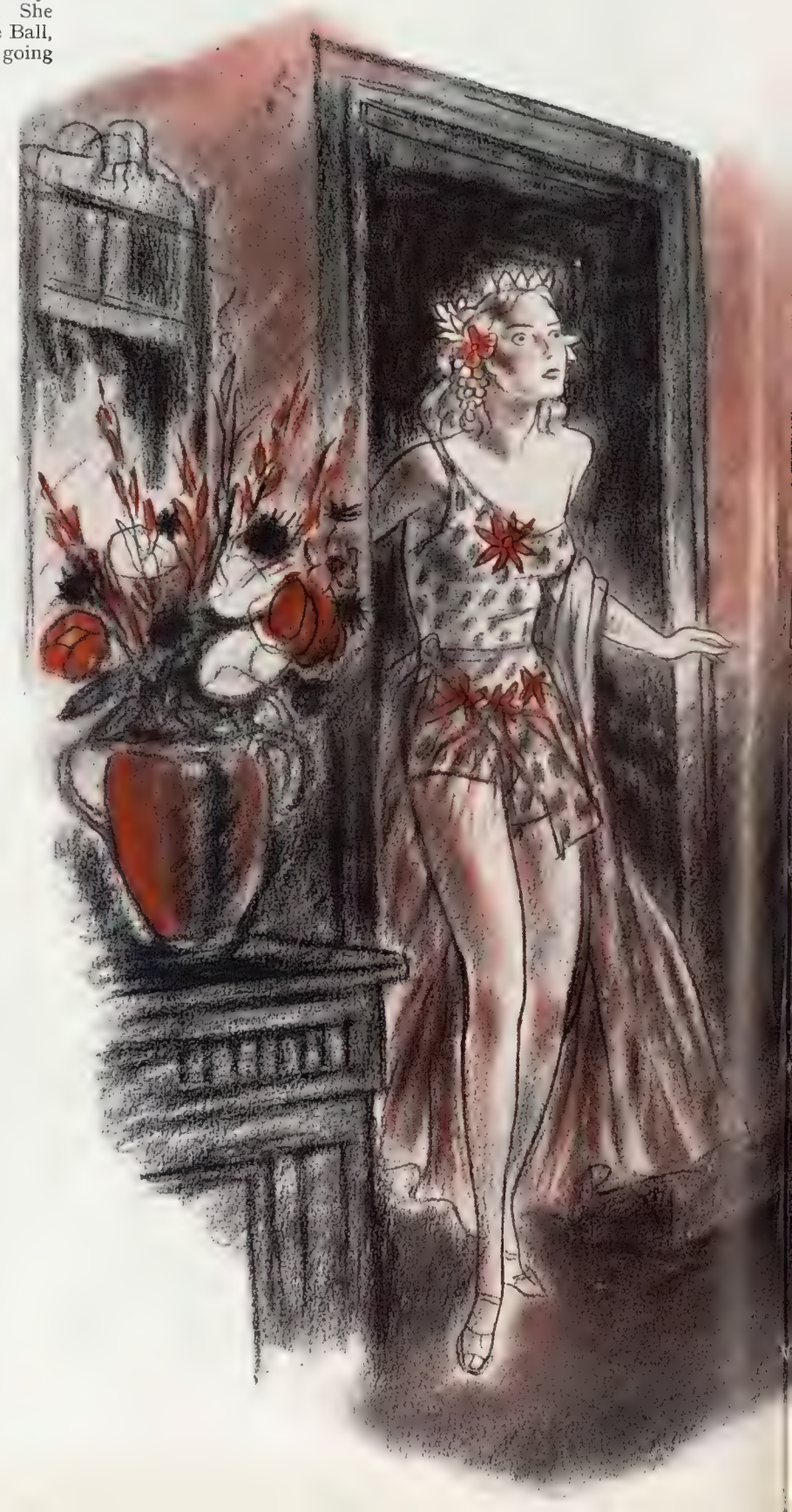
"Well, we rang up the hospital and they said he had a fractured skull and was unconscious. They couldn't say more till they had made an X-ray examination. That 's partly why I came round here. I thought they must know by now and they 'd tell *you* everything if you rang up. Oh, Evelyn, *do* ask them what they 've found out."

She buried her face in her hands. Evelyn decided to wait till she was calmer, she did not like the sound of the case and feared bad news. "You have your drink first," she said, whereon Phyllida looked up and smiled reassuringly.

"You 're being so sweet and maternal, darling, but it 's not only because of Andrew that I 'm upset. It 's the strain of what 's happened since. I must tell you. I think you 'll appreciate it. Evelyn, do you think I 've been a fool ? "

She paused a moment in thought and then went on.

"You see, Andrew was giving a dinner-party at Monseigneur's this evening before the carnival, and when he hadn't turned up by nine o'clock we rang up his flat and heard about the accident. Then we rang up the hospital and got that report. However, there we were, all dressed up, so Tony Wycliffe and I turned it into our party and gave a rousing dinner, with lots of drink, which lasted till half-past ten. Then I made the others go to the ball, and said I 'd go and fetch Peach to come instead of Andrew. Of course, everyone in turn volunteered to stop away, but I prevailed on them. After to-night I begin to think I could prevail on anyone."



" My dear, I 've always said so."

" Well, I didn't go to fetch Peach. I decided first to go home and ring up the hospital again to hear if Andrew was getting on all right, and incidentally my Bacchante sandals were hurting like hell, so I thought I 'd change my shoes. After that noisy dinner-party, the flat seemed strangely quiet. I took off my shoes as soon as I got inside, and they were in my hand when I opened the bedroom door; and then, what d 'you think I saw ? "

The memory of what she had seen was so terrifying that Phyllida's eyes grew enormous.

" I can't think," said Evelyn urgently.

" There was a man standing in my bedroom holding a revolver at me."

" *What ?* "

" Yes. It wasn't the revolver that gave me the shock at first, it was the discovery of someone in my room. I think it was quite a second or two before I realised he was a burglar and had opened my safe. He wasn't a horrible-looking man at all. He had queer Japanesie eyes, but wasn't badly dressed. Under other circumstances I should have taken him for a piano-tuner. But then I began to take in the meaning of that revolver. It 's a nasty thing, a revolver, studied from that end."

" What *did* you do ? "

" Nothing. I was just paralysed. I believe if the man hadn't spoken I should be there now. Don't they say that rabbits get petrified with fright ? But then he said, ' Come on, put 'em up,' and his voice reminded me that he was a human. Besides, what with the cinema and American novels, that phrase has got so hackneyed. I was going to ' put 'em up,' but I had my sandals in my hand and the thought of putting up those as well suddenly made the whole thing seem ridiculous. I just felt furious with him, and I said, ' You 're caught and you know it. If you shoot me you 'll get into real trouble. If you put that down and talk reasonably I might give you a chance.' "

" Phyllida, how splendid ! "

" But, my dear, he *put* it down ! He flung it on the bed and said ' B—— the whole lot of you.' At least, I think that 's what he said."

" Where were the servants ? "

" This is their evening out."

" You mean you and he were all alone in that flat ? "

" Yes, and I got him out without his taking a thing."

" It just shows . . . if one has the courage."

" Yes, but I didn't know what to do next. I began talking wildly. I asked him if he burgled for choice or necessity and whether he 'd accept an honest job if one were offered to him. I said I didn 't want to send anyone to prison and was willing to help him if he wanted help. It wasn't really as philanthropic as it sounded, it was an endeavour to get on the right side of him, but he shouted, ' Here, stop that ! Isn't it enough you 've trapped me, without starting a missionary meeting ? ' It 's rather funny, now I come to think of it, me dressed up as a

" It wasn't the revolver that gave me the shock at first, it was the discovery of someone in my room. I think it was quite a second or two before I realised he was a burglar and had opened my safe "

Evelyn, looking at the long, slight figure that the Bacchanalian garb did very little to hide, decided that she was almost sorry for that poor crook

Bacchante all the time. But do you realise that if I 'd gone to the ball he 'd have nabbed *all* my jewellery, because, of course, I wasn't wearing any of it with this get-up. Hand of God, if you like ! "

" Well, go on."

" The missionary meeting wasn't much of a success. In fact, it made him look rather ugly, and that spurred me to pick up the revolver. I felt better when I 'd got that, but I 'm not awfully at home with a revolver, and he was watching me handle it. So I didn't pretend to threaten him with it. I simply said that if he left at once, leaving his revolver and bag, he would have merely committed the offence of housebreaking, which I was prepared to overlook. But he made no movement, so I went on to say that, otherwise, I would ring and have him arrested. I was just by the bell. Of course, it was all bluff, but it was he who seemed to think he was trapped.

" He went into the hall then, like someone taking a leap into a cold bath. I followed him, holding the revolver. He looked all round, and, with an eye on the front door, he said, ' Think you 're going to watch me being caught like a rat ? ' I said, ' On my honour . . . ' It was a ridiculous thing to say, of course, but I was beginning to feel the strain. And when he said ' *Honour ?* Hell ! ' I seemed to find that more offensive than having a revolver pointed at me. Then there was a noise at the front door and we both started. The door opened and in came Maitland and Mrs. My God, I was thankful ! "

" What did they say ? "

" There was an awkward pause. They hadn't expected to find me in, of course, and they were rather surprised at my guest. He obviously thought this was the end. And if I 'd said anything, Evelyn, it would have been. If Maitland couldn't have managed him, Mrs. could have, and we had his revolver, and there was the telephone. But I 'd just given my word of honour and, you know, instinctively, when the servants came in, I slipped the revolver behind me, trying not to shoot myself in the heel.

" Actually, I broke the silence by saying, in a very society voice, to the burglar, ' Well, that 's settled, then, so we 'll say good-night.' But he wouldn't shake hands, only as I showed him to the door he gave me a queer sidelong glance. I finished up by reminding him of my offer, if ever he wanted help, only next time please to call when I was at *home*. I thought that rather dramatic. When I opened the door he took one look outside and was gone like a flash."

" Did you tell the servants ? "

" No. I went into my room and packed all that grim evidence into the safe—which will need a new door, by-the-by—and then I came here. What do you think of it ? "

" I don't think I should have believed it from any lips but yours. Of course, you 've let a perfectly good criminal escape, to try his hand on other safes. But I don't think you could do anything else."

" I 'm sure I couldn't. Lord ! I 'm tired."

Phyllida lay back and closed her eyes. Evelyn, looking at the long, slight figure that the Bacchanalian garb did very little to hide, decided that she was almost sorry for that poor crook. She could understand his confusion. Aloud, she said, " But I 'm not sure which of you has really triumphed. How did your burglar get in ? "

Phyllida's eyes opened instantly. " I never thought of that. I have no idea."

" What about the windows ? "

" They 're barred — any that he could get in at. Anyway, he won't call again to-night, surely ? "

" To-night 's about the only night you 're safe. I think I should inform the police — now that he 's got away. At least, I know that 's what any man would advise. Andrew, for instance."

" Andrew. Yes. But he 's in hospital. Be an angel, Evelyn, and ring up about him."

Evelyn went to her room and, returning presently, she said, " He 's recovering consciousness."

" *Really ?* Do they think he 's going to be all right ? "

" I think so."

" Oh, Evelyn, I am thankful. Do you know, if he recovers I think we shall probably get married."

II.

Two Englishmen sat vis-à-vis in the Marseilles-Paris express. Though they were alone in the compartment they were speaking in subdued voices, but urgently, and one of them, holding his pipe in the bowl of his palm was using the stem as a kind of baton to emphasise his statements.

" Now, look here, Sandy, you can't bully me, so it 's no use trying. I don't care what the fellows are saying, or you either. You can all go to hell saying it. But I 've got a mind to tell you why I cleared out. It would be a good message to take back to England with you, though I don't suppose you 've got the guts to deliver it.

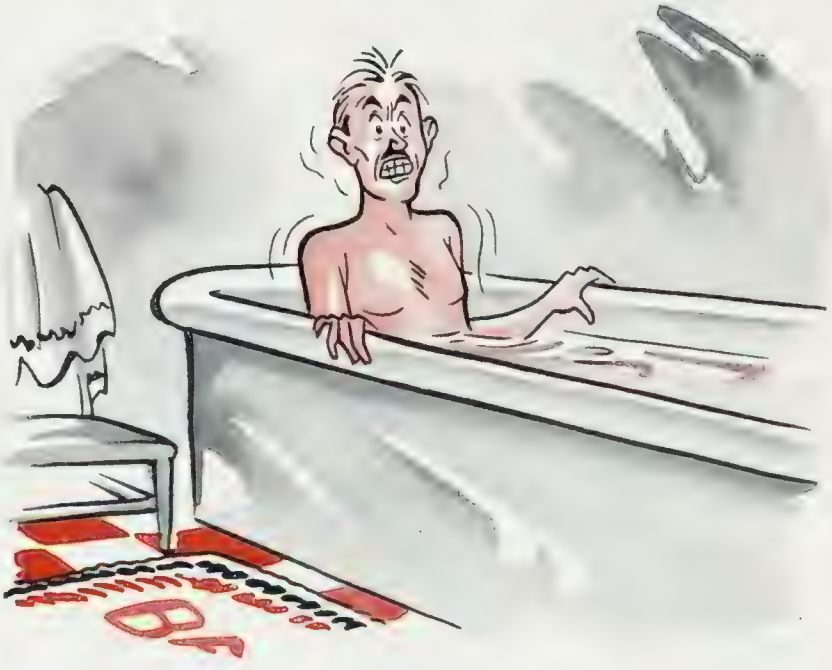
(Continued on page 64)

The Fireman's Dream

By Walter Goetz

The Christmas Week-End

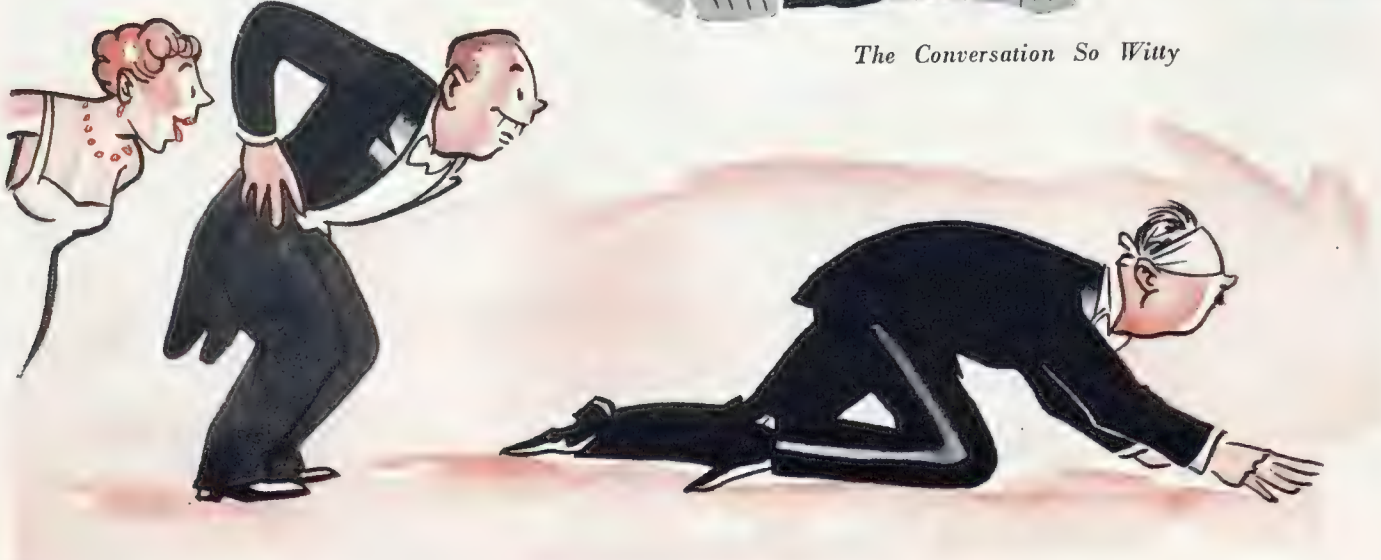
The Journey Down



The Bath So Cold

The Cocktails So Hot

The Conversation So Witty



The Games So Intellectual

By Patrick Bellew

The Mistletoe So Romantic

The Applepie Beds

The Gift Cigars

But One Can Have Too Much—

—of Father Christmas

There was an old dame of Sevilla
Who climbed up a ninety-foot pilla,
And was ne'er seen again,
For the sun and the rain
Did grilla and swilla and killa.

A naughty old spinster of Alnwick
Sailed to Egypt on board the "Britalnwick."
She bedizened the Sphinx
With indelible inx,
Then swam all the way home in a palnwick.

There was a young lass of Cologne
Who sharpened her nose on a stogne;
Her Roman proboscis
Is now, one supposcis,
Not so much a nose as a bogne.

A certain old maid of Odessa
Let a dwarf and a giant caressa;
They both did propose
But the former she chose
Since of two evils he was the lessa.

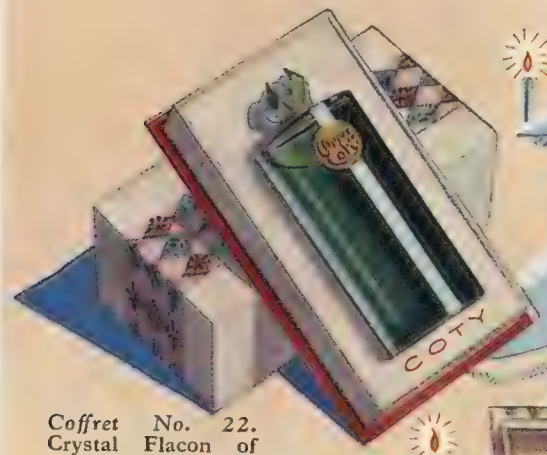
An inspiration for that
Christmas Gift
List
"Ah! and a bottle of
Something for Dick!
the BEST for him —
DEWAR'S"
"WHITE LABEL"
"White Label"
PERTH
The Jubilee Christmas Spirit

THERE IS NOTHING MORE ACCEPTABLE THAN A

COTY GIFT

There is a note of supreme quality and exquisite luxury about Coty Specialities which makes them the most enchanting of gifts.

These are but a few examples of the attractive new Coty Coffrets which are daintily presented and moderately priced.



Coffret No. 22. Crystal Flacon of Perfume in presentation box, Chypre, Le Lilas Blanc, or Le Nouveau Gardenia
18/6

No. 21. A really useful gift presentation containing Bath Salts, Bath Dusting Powder, Toilet Soap and Eau de Cologne
15/-

"A SUMA" Coty's latest perfume creation, exciting, Oriental, in beautiful carved bottle resting on a black "ebony" base with 4 "lacquer" feet 21/-
Larger size 47/6

Coffret No. 23. L'Aimant, "Perfume of Magnetism", in a beautiful octagonal Crystal Flacon. *Also in L'Origan, Le Muguet and Paris* 21/-

No. 8601 contains a bottle of Coty Perfume and a Square Coty Compact "platinum finish," in a handsome velvet-lined "shagreen" presentation box 12/6

YOUR GOOD TASTE IS EXPRESSED IN A COTY COFFRET OR BOTTLE OF PERFUME

C.F.H. 48

FOG
on the Tchai-Ho River
by PETER BELLOC

JAIMIE O'HALLERAN, better known in the circles where he moved as "Smokey," removed the blackened stump of clay pipe from the corner of his twisted mouth and contemplated it in silence for a moment or two. He held it out at half his arm's length, between finger and thumb, steady as a sharp-shooter, despite his eighty-odd years. His grey eyes, beneath the bushy white brows, showed never a flicker.

Without the slightest change of his contemplative expression, "Fog" was the one word he uttered, clearly and audibly as, from the lower reaches of the river, the deep voices of the big ships reached us.

"Smokey" is reputed, with every good authority, to be the oldest fireman out of the Port of London. He is over eighty, a Liverpool Irishman by birth, as hard as rivets, and a pensioner, terribly crippled in the service of the King at an age when he might almost have been drawing the Old Age Pension.

For no other reason than that it is the merriest pub in Poplar, and Poplar is the merriest parish in London (though "Smokey" is Plaistow-born, and never forget it when in his company!), we were now seated together on the settle beside the long table in the Turk's Head.

"Fog is hell, it is," said "Smokey," indicating my old friend Joe, who sat opposite him at the table, with the streg-end of his clay pipe, thrusting it at him like a fencer making a pass en tierce. Joe acknowledged this observation with a curt jerk of the head and a click of the tongue against the teeth, enough to say: "I reckon I ought to know that as well as you."

Lifting his pint pot of old and mild, and making the age-old gesture of courtesy in my direction, he fulfilled the old wind-sailor's tradition of blowing across his beer for a fair passage. "Wind abaft the beam, mate," he muttered, and took a deep

"There was these bum-boats round about all the time, and the way those Chinamen found their way around was a marvel"

drink. There was a wonderful contentment on his face as he sucked down his beer with the noise of a swift ebb-tide swirling through the piles of a landing-stage—a bubbling, busy sound.

He replaced his cup and rolled across the bar to the bow window which gives out immediately on to the water. Like one in a trance, he stared out across the twilit river as the short November evening closed down upon it and began to blur into blue darkness the string of barges moored on the Surrey shore. It was slack water at the top of a spring tide. So calm, so peaceful was the water, that it was not even possible to hear it lapping against the steps beneath the open window. The reflection of a string of barges lying outward to the fairway was as near perfection as anything in this world can ever be. Once again the deep voices of the great ships, calling to each other almost as living creatures, came to our ears, and the still, silent air seemed to tremble.

"Fog?—I should think there was going to be some fog," quoth Joe gaily. "There 's a big one coming in or going out down there somewhere, and I 'll bet the pilot 's pleased. You 'll see her off Southend to-morrow, if you pull out to within ten feet of her—that is, if she don't finish up at Gravesend to-night."

"Then I hope she keeps the right crowd in her, whatever she may be," returned old "Smokey," a look of cunning spreading over his old and battered features. It would be unfair to describe his expression as a leer, and untrue to call it a smile. It contained all the world of good-natured cunning, and lay principally in the curve of the lips and the very slightly drooping eyelids.

"And what might you mean by that?" queried Joe.

"Only that I 've known funny things to happen aboard ship with a day or two's fog in close waters," went on "Smokey."

Now, a yarn is a yarn, and sacred to all sailors. Joe, who was still standing by the open window, resumed his place at the table, gestured to the barman to fill up the pots, and, resting his elbows on the table, made ready to give all his attention to "Smokey."

That worthy appeared to be absorbed only in a detailed examination of his pipe, till he looked up suddenly. "It would be before either of you was born," he began, and Joe grunted in defiance, as though a personal insult had been hurled at him. But "Smokey," having made a start, was not to be easily stopped.

"Before either of you was born," he went on, firm and inexorable as fate itself. "I know it was, 'cos I was a young feller at the time, and firing in a ship of the name of Juno. She wasn't much to look at, and she swallowed her coal same as a bo's'n swallows beer"—with a glance at Joe. "She wasn't an easy ship to work by, in no sense, and Mr. Duncan, what was chief engineer, wouldn't have made much of a turn as a Sunday School teacher, neither. He

"There 's a chap comes for me with a bottle, but I put him out in one. 'Twas my turn next, though, when a big Dutchman taps me a crack with a chair, and out went mother's Jaimie"

was heavy-handed, and not above throwing things about in the stokehold if he thought need be.

" Things was as different out o' the Port o' London them days as what Africa is different from America. Money wasn't too bad, living was easy, and there was more ships than what there was men to go in them. To make up for it, the life was rougher and harder a hundred times more nor what it is to-day. They don't seem to want any of the old ' iron-ribs and hollow legs ' these times, and even then, there was those who weren't above using a fire-bar or slice when they got tired of using their fists. I 've seen men go down, I have, and never know what it was hit them. . . ." Joe scraped his boot along the floor beneath the table, and " Smokey," taking the hint, went on :

Illustrations by Stephen Spurrier, R.O.I.

" But I 'm off my yarn, mates. It didn't take Mr. Duncan above a day or two to put us into shape, and before we was out of the Channel we were running smoothly enough—all whites in the engine-room and below decks, and no blinkin' blackamoors to raise hell.

" We worked her down to Penang and then up to Rangoon, and after that we did a spell on the China coast, and 'twas then I as near lost my number as any time.

" It can be thick off Tchai-Ho, and it was thick when we were there. None of your pea-soup, or here-to-day-and-gone-to-morrow ; but heavy white fog, soak you to the skin, and last for a month of Sundays. You can't move in it.

" The estuary was plum full of shipping at the time, and it wasn't safe to move a glass, let alone the ship. There was these bum-boats round about all the time, and the way those Chinamen found their way around was a marvel. Four days messing about and then we thought of something. If those Chinamen could get ashore, then we could go, too, and have a spree.

" The fog wasn't expected to lift for a number of days, and one night we fixes up and gets ashore. One of the chaps, ' Chummy ' we called him, had some money, and we didn't want to draw ours for fear of causing curiosity.

" Well, we gets ashore all right, and the Chinkies who brought us showed us where to go.

" Stove me blind, but you never saw such a sight ! There was sailors and firemen off very near every ship in the roads, all the nations, and, by the noise they was kicking up, all of them three parts under.

" There were a number of chaps I knew there, and it wasn't very long before our gang off the Juno was as bad as the worst of them. Sham-shai is funny stuff to drink, but it 's better nor what them heathens have got the sauce to call whisky. We was drinking this sham-shai stuff when the row broke out.

" I couldn't see what caused it—none of us could. Looked as though it was a couple of Dagoes got it started. But it was anybody's fight as soon as it was going. There 's a chap comes for me with a bottle, but I put him out in one. 'Twas my turn next, though, when a big Dutchman taps me a crack with a chair, and out went mother's Jaimie." " Smokey " paused, as though to let his words soak well in.

" How it came to happen," he went on, " I, for one, will never be able to learn. But somehow they managed to sort us all out, and got us back aboard ship. Sham-shai, as I have said, is funny stuff, and it was aboard ship that I thought I come to. What with all that I had had the night before, and that clump over the head with a chair, I thought I was nigh dead when I did come round. I tried to get up from where I was lying on my bunk, but I couldn't move, and my hair stuck to the blanket where

that squarehead had bashed me, and the blood was clotted. Beside, I didn't know what the ship was going to do next. Everything was waltzing around me, and it was pitch dark.

"But when it got light, Gaw' bless me 'eart and soul, you never could see anything else like it in all your life. As I lay there in the dark that night, I 'd have swore my dying oath that we was at sea. I could feel the ship just rolling ever so gently and was that used to my bunk I should have known it anywhere. Well, when it got light, I found I *was* in a bunk all right, but I wasn't afloat!

"I was in a bunk high up the wall of a great room like a dance-hall. There must have been nigh a hundred of us. All round the walls there was these here bunks, just as would be in a fo'c'stle, only more of them, and six or eight on top of one another: big bunks they was, and both my feet were chained to the bottom. The place was absolutely crowded, and as it got lighter and the chaps began to stir about a bit, I see ever so many I could remember at the party the previous day.

"All our chaps from the stokehold was there, and a couple of greasers, too, and there was any number of chaps off other vessels. Naturally, we thought we was in the clink, extra special when a great big yellow devil starts walking about the room with a great whip in one hand, and another bloke carrying a sword. The place, of course, was filthy dirty—crawling, it was, if you follow my meaning—and reek was the worst I ever smelt. There were some windows, but they was barred, so you couldn't get your hand through. The smell got a bit better when the serang fellow called two other chaps and they carried out two dead-'uns what they 'd bin keeping for exhibition, I should reckon.

"Believe it or not, mates," said "Smokey," emphasising his remark by tapping his clay pipe on the table, "'twas ten days by our reckoning afore we ever got out again into the light of day . . ."

"Well, what do you expect, anyway?" interrupted Joe, with a twinkle in the golden specks in his eyes. "What do you reckon you 'd get at Thames Police Court, or the Tower Bridge? Would you expect a medal for brawling and kicking up a shindy in the early hours? Chinamen 's got rules same as what we have ourselves, and they get kept. I reckon you was lucky not to get that bullet-head of yours sliced off after what I 've seen in Shanghai."

"Hem," returned "Smokey," with the quintessence of withering contempt in his tone, "you 're a nice one to talk of bullet-heads, you are! There 's nothing as hard as lead in your rocker. *You* don't understand!"

"Understand what, then?" demanded Joe.

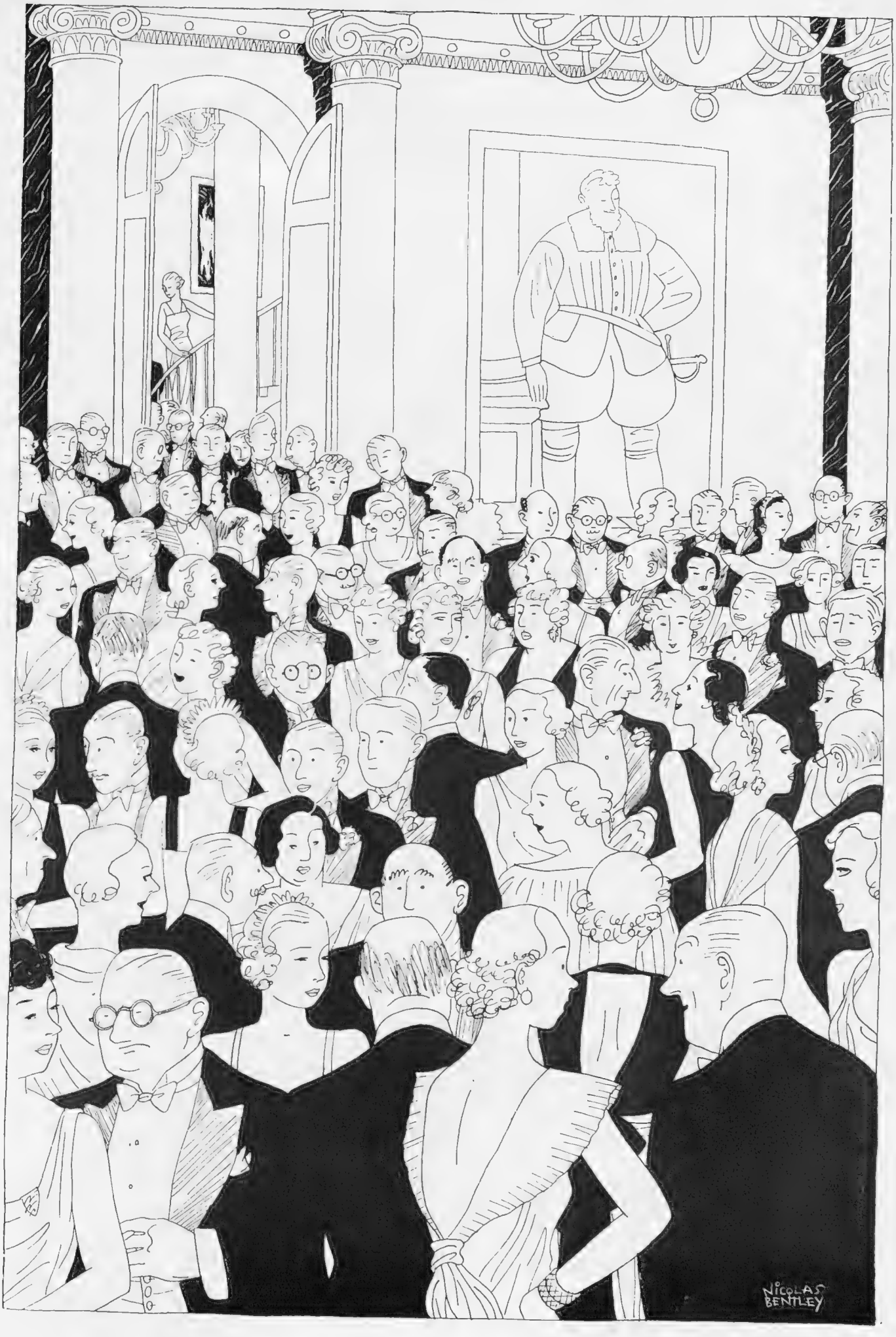
"'Twas like this," resumed "Smokey," in a gentle tone, as if explaining something to a small child. "The morning after our little party, the fog lifted. There wasn't a ship what didn't sail short-handed, but old man Duncan o' the Juno couldn't move ship at all—not a fireman nor a hand in the fo'c'stle, see? Not a man to be had ashore, neither! Chung-lo-Tsang, 'he promisey four piecee bamboo ship plenty men—twenty dollars Mex a head blood-money!' Old Duncan had to shell out, too; but each of us boys got five dollars Mex from old Chung . . ."

"Ten—," began Joe. "Ten," repeated "Smokey," "'cos it was only a put-up job between old Chung and ourselves. The fight was only a blind, though I did get put out. Ten dollars a head——"

But Joe was muttering something about "ten dollars too much in one case!"

THE END

"Naturally, we thought we was in the clink, extra special when a great big yellow devil starts walking about the room with a great whip in one hand, and another bloke carrying a naked sword"



BY NICOLAS BENTLEY

"*That's* my husband, over by the door"

That Awful Creature...

By Barbara Worsley-Gough

"Of course I 'll be nice to her," said Lady Hackington to her son, amiably. "Don 't I grin and bear all your Pinkies like an angel ? "

Frank looked uncomfortable. "The Pinkies" was a comprehensive term applied by his mother to the various young women whom he had adored violently but briefly at Cambridge. Lady Hackington maintained that all of them had worn pink frills, and lisped ; and she called them "Frank's Pinkies" to save the trouble of remembering when Patsy superseded Doris, and Fay took Doris's place. She had certainly grinned at them, because she grinned at most people ; and she had borne their occasional presence in her house cheerfully enough, simply remarking, on seeing one of them, "Bless you, my lamb—I must fly and change—tell Frank to ring for drinks." Frank had thought highly of this maternal technique, but it would not do for Aline, who was not a Pinkie at all. He resented the suggestion that she was in the category of Patsy, Doris and Fay. They had been May Week partners, whose business it was to look fluffy in a punt. Aline was to be a Life Partner—as her mother would express it. Aline's mother, who must, sooner or later, be introduced to his own parent. . . .

"Darling," he said, "get it out of your head that Aline 's a Pinkie."

"All right," said Lady Hackington, "it 's not an insult. The Pinkies were harmless—except the one who borrowed my lipstick."

"Yes, but, Boo, do bring yourself to bear on the fact that I 'm going to *marry* Aline."

Lady Hackington nodded. "So you keep telling me. By the way, you ought to tell your father, too. Where is he ? "

"God knows. Why should I tell him ? He wouldn't be interested."

"My dear, he 'd send you a wedding present. He always gave the most lavish presents when I knew him. He gave me that emerald when I married Fritz."

"I 'll write to him at his club," said Frank, dismissing his father from the conversation. "Now, suppose we ask Aline to stay ? "

"Of course. Ring her up and ask her."

"Boo, darling, it might be better if you wrote."

Lady Hackington groaned. "If I must—but I 've written six cheques and a post-card already, and honestly——"

"Then there 's her mother. You 'll have to meet her, Boo."

"I won't go up to London and give her lunch at the Savoy Grill in the middle of the hunting—not if she were fifty co-mothers-in-law. You give her lunch and my love, and I 'll pay for it. The lunch, I mean."

"You must meet her, darling. She 'll be hurt if you don't."

"Oh, God." Lady Hackington tilted back her chair and put her Newmarket boots on the mantelpiece. "She 'd better come too. I 'd sooner the mountain came to me—she 's bound to be mountainous, living in Bournemouth. Give me my fountain-pen, darling, and an envelope and paper, and a whisky-and-soda, and I 'll get it over now."

Mrs. Wilson sat at breakfast, and nodded approvingly over the letter in her hand.

"A very nice thought," she said. "Your future mother-in-law has done the right thing, Aline."

"What, mother ? " Her daughter looked up, startled, from a letter of her own. She was a small, dark beauty, with great beseeching eyes like a spaniel's.

"Lady Hackington," said Mrs. Wilson, tapping the letter with a fat hand adorned with turquoise rings. "*Such* a nice letter, asking us to stay. Eat up your cereal, dear, and don't look so surprised. It 's only natural, and what I should have done in her place. We 're to go on Tuesday."

Sketches by Molly Bishop

Lady Hackington tilted back her chair and put her Newmarket boots on the mantelpiece

"High tea," said Mrs. Wilson, "is quite the thing after going hunting, isn't it?"

Aline's letter was from Frank, but as the first few pages consisted of expressions of devotion, over which she lingered, she had not reached the invitation. The prospect daunted her. She said doubtfully, "Shall you go, mother?"

"Go?" repeated Mrs. Wilson, "Of course. I must make friends with Lady Hackington, now that she's going to be a relation. I wonder if I should ask her back? Later on, perhaps."

"She never goes away in the winter," Aline said hastily. "The hunting——"

"Well, she couldn't hunt here," said Mrs. Wilson. "But a breath of Bournemouth air makes a nice change, all the same. I pity people who have to live in the Midlands. It must be depressing."

Aline thought it unlikely that Lady Hackington found Leicestershire depressing, and could not imagine that she would live there unless she liked it. There was no point, however, in saying this to Mrs. Wilson. Aline doubted if the two mothers would fraternise very happily. She said:

"Are you sure you'll like it, mother? There'll be a lot of people staying there, and they all talk about horses——"

"Oh, well," said Mrs. Wilson, dipping a strip of bread-and-butter into her boiled egg, "I may be getting on, but I like some fun now and again, like anyone else does. You needn't think I shall be out of it, even if they do talk about their old horses. Frank's mother and I will have plenty to talk about, watching our chicks together."

Aline repressed a shudder. She was very fond of her mother, particularly in her permanent setting of a suite in a Bournemouth hotel, where she was always so comfortable and jolly. She was willing to learn to be fond of her future mother-in-law in Leicestershire, among the horses and the bridge-tables and the complicated language of pet-names and peculiar slang. She rather doubted if she would enjoy being a fellow-chick with Frank while their mothers looked on.

"Frank's mother's much younger than you——" she ventured.

"Must be, hunting like that," replied Mrs. Wilson cheerfully. "Smart, too, I dare say. I must get something really dressy—and you, too. It's not as if we can't afford it."

Aline brightened. "We'll shop in London, on the way."

Mrs. Wilson's mind was busy with the coming visit. She said unexpectedly:

"Will the Baronet be there?"

Aline blinked. "Lady Hackington's husband? She divorced him."

"It was her first husband she divorced," Mrs. Wilson pointed out; "Frank's father. She married the Baronet after—Sir Fitzroy Hackington. I looked it up in Kelly's directly you and Frank told me you'd got engaged. You've got it wrong, dearie."

"But she divorced him, too," Aline explained.

"Not two of them! Well, poor thing! She's had a lot of sorrow. I call it plucky of her to have these house-parties and everything, when she's twice a widow, as you might say, only worse in a way. I dare say she'll be glad when Frank's married and she can live quietly, like I've done since your father died. Well, I'd better answer the letter. We'll go in the car, shall we? I always think it looks well, arriving in the Daimler."

Frank, who did not hunt, drove his mother to the meet on the day of the Wilsons' arrival.

"If I was you," said Mrs. Wilson severely, "I should put a shawl on. You'll take cold, I shouldn't wonder—all bare like that!"

"Deal with them, darling, if I'm not back in time," Lady Hackington said. "They won't arrive till tea, surely, but I may be late. Snap Larkingholme and Freddie are arriving by the five-forty, and some people coming in for drinks. Cherish them all for me, like a lamb, and I'll do my stuff with your Pink—your Aline and her mother when I get home."

Frank felt apprehensive, dreading the meeting of the mothers. In the house he fidgeted about, finding some carnations in a greenhouse for Aline's room, and choosing books for her bedside with devout care. After luncheon he dozed, until he heard the discreet sound of tyres on the gravel, and saw the Daimler. It was scarcely three o'clock. He rushed out to welcome them, colliding with the footman on the doorstep. He saw Aline laugh, and her mother nudge her.

"You've made splendid time from Bournemouth," he said, as he helped them out.

"We only came from London," Aline explained. "We went up yesterday, to shop."

"I had some business in town," Mrs. Wilson added, anxious lest Frank or the footman should suspect them of making special preparations. She accepted Frank's apologies for his mother's absence graciously, and suggested that he should show them the house. This surprised him, because that rather melancholy late-Georgian mansion had never been considered a "show-place," and no one had ever asked to see it except prospective tenants when it had been to let during his mother's divorces. However, he showed them round, and then entertained them feverishly until tea appeared at five o'clock. He was wondering whether Mrs. Wilson resented his mother's continued absence, when she glanced out of the window and remarked:

"You've got visitors. Such a gay young thing's just got out of that car."

Almost immediately, Lady Hackington entered, and Frank realised that she was the "gay young thing." She did look uncommonly young—very slim in her habit, her golden curls netted close to her head under her top-hat. Mrs. Wilson's velvet-clad bulk and frizzed grey hair appeared more extravagant by contrast.

Frank saw that his mother was relieved at the difference between Aline and Mrs. Wilson. He didn't blame her. Lady Hackington said:

"God, what a day! I'm starving. Ring for eggs, Frank, will you? The Martins'll want 'em too."

"High tea," said Mrs. Wilson, "is quite the thing after going hunting, isn't it?"

The Martins arrived; a lean, leathery couple who devoured eggs and demanded whisky. Then two handsome girls appeared, accompanied by a young man who stammered and dropped things. Everyone paid attention to Aline, warning her facetiously of Frank's bad qualities, and guessing at her own. Mrs. Wilson sat stolidly in the midst of the hubbub, embroidering roses on a nightdress-case and trying not to look shocked by almost everything she heard. Ginger Martin gave her a long description of his day with the Quorn. Anxious to adapt herself to the prevailing mood, and understanding very little of what he said, she remarked heartily, "What a stunt!" whenever he seemed to expect a comment. Presently the door opened and a dark young man looked in and shouted:

"Boo!"

"Snap!" replied Lady Hackington eagerly. Mrs. Wilson, now utterly bewildered, supposed that some game was in progress, until she realised that Boo was the universal name for Lady Hackington, and that Snap was, in fact, the dark young man, who was introduced as Lord Larkingholme. She was pained by the laxity which permitted pet-names for peers and for hostesses who ought to be middle-aged, even if they contrived to look twenty-five. She wondered whether she should disclose the fact that in her youth she had been called Tots. One ought to be companionable. Somebody gave her a cocktail and a cigarette. She disliked and distrusted cocktails, and was equally unaccustomed to cigarettes, having smoked only three in her life, but she was determined to join in what was going forward, at whatever personal sacrifice. Ignoring her daughter's reproachful gaze, she puffed busily at her cigarette, first swallowing her cocktail, like medicine, at a gulp, so that it went straight to her head. Lady Hackington sat down beside her.

Alcohol developed Mrs. Wilson's grand manner. "Nice little place you've got," she said, making a comprehensive gesture with her cigarette. Lady Hackington stared. The chief disadvantage of Great Paddocks was its inordinate size, it being at least four times as large as most people would wish a house to be. She decided that Mrs. Wilson was comparing it with the Bournemouth hotel.

"Tasteful decorations, too," Mrs. Wilson continued, anxious to appear enthusiastic but not envious. "Much grounds?"

"A bit of garden, and some fields. . . ." said Lady Hackington vaguely, not at all sure what "grounds" implied.

Mrs. Wilson gulped another cocktail, and got into her stride. "You must pay *us* a visit soon. It'll do you good."

"Do me good?" echoed the astonished Lady Hackington.

"Getting away from the country for a bit, and seeing some life," said Mrs. Wilson, firmly. "Bring the boy, and we'll have a high old time, the four of us—theatres and cinemas, and I don't know what all."

"How kind," said Lady Hackington, "but the hunting——"

She was interrupted by an enormous hiccough from Mrs. Wilson, who placed her hand on her bosom and ejaculated "Pardon!" Aline suggested going to dress.

"Half-past eight dinner," Lady Hackington said.

"Fashionable hours, I see!" Mrs. Wilson managed to remark, before her daughter steered her out of the room.

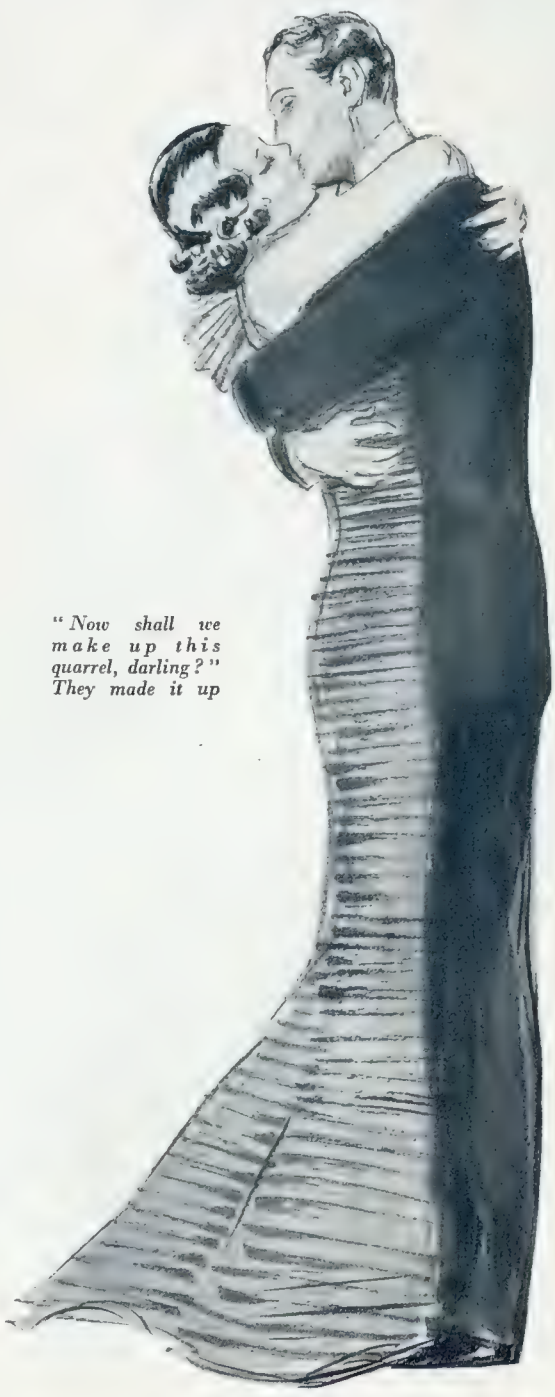
At half-past eight she descended, resplendent in red brocade and rubies. She stared disapprovingly at Lady Hackington's backless gown. The more she saw of Lady Hackington, the less she approved. She felt that a woman with a grown-up son—a woman who might soon be a granny—had no business to look like a painted hussy in the twenties, drinking whisky and using expressions more suited to public-houses than drawing-rooms.

Unconscious of this criticism, Lady Hackington was cordial.

"Bloody cold, isn't it?" she said affably.

"If I was you," said Mrs. Wilson, severely, "I should put a shawl on. You'll take cold, I shouldn't wonder—all bare like that. Let Aline run and fetch you something."

Lady Hackington was an amiable woman, but her patience was becoming strained. Realising this, Frank monopolised Mrs. Wilson for the rest of the evening, which left Aline to the mercies of the other guests, who talked to her, and over



"Now shall we make up this quarrel, darling?" They made it up

Continued on page i

Bubbling with Life

For lively people let there be lively drinks to match — drinks with a sparkling, bubbling freshness to revive tired palates. Schweppes Soda mixes with anything: it improves everything . . . . . that's why it's so famous.

Schweppes

VISITING CARDS

The Squash Players: By Veronica Burleigh

(From the painting in this year's Royal Academy Exhibition at Burlington House)

Pantomime a Hundred Years Ago

A Christmas Harlequinade by Anna K. Zinkeisen

BY HAILSTONE

"Crackers if you like, Ponsonby, but *don't* mention nuts!"

THE BISCUITS OF THE YEAR

IN CHRISTMAS GALA BOXES

Let Huntley & Palmers Biscuits of the Year carry your messages of goodwill. The gaily decorated tins specially packed for Christmas are as inviting as the delicious biscuits inside. You will find them surprisingly inexpensive.

COCKTAIL ASSORTED. Savoury, amusing, full of surprises, this popular assortment is the last word in modernity. They'll make the party cocktails taste twice as good. **2/3**

ASSORTED CHOCOLATE (Violets Tin). Chocolate biscuits of every shape and size. Gay foil wrappings and smooth creamy chocolate (milk or plain) conceal not one but a dozen masterpieces of the baker's art. **2/4**

ROYAL SCOTCH SHORTBREAD. Sweet and short, golden brown and crunchy with the real butter flavour. A shortbread to add to your list of really good things to eat. **2/-**

AFTERNOON TEA BISCUITS. Short biscuits, chocolate, macaroons and crisp creamy wafers. Lusciously filled, daintily garnished, these biscuits are a certain tea-time favourite. **2/6**

PARIS ASSORTED. A gay assortment of de-luxe biscuits which melt in the mouth. Cream and jam fillings, chocolate, marzipan, all are here in appetising perfection. **2/6**

HYACINTH. Milk chocolate—different sizes, different biscuits, but the same rich silk-smooth chocolate covering for all. Packed in hinged enamelled tin, free from all wording. **2/4**

MADE BY

HUNTLEY & PALMERS

so you know they're the best

WHY GIVE

CIGARS TO A CONNOISSEUR

WINES TO A TEETOTALLER

BOOKS TO A CRITIC

TIES TO THE HYPERSENSITIVE

CHESTNUTS TO THE COMEDIAN

GOLDFISH TO THE BIG-GAME HUNTER

WHEN THEY ALL PREFER

SPECIAL FEATURES

- *Van Heusen Curve-Woven Collars & Unshrinkable Neck Bands*
- *Non-Shrinkable Body Cloth . . . Wide Range of Patterns*
- *Van Heusen Semi-Stiff Curve-Woven Cuffs*

"VANTELLA" Regd. SHIRTS

and collars to match by

"VAN HEUSEN" Regd. Trade Mark

always obtainable

Zephyr 9/3
Poplin de Luxe 10/6

at 1/3 each

Ask for pattern cards showing many attractive designs. Cotella Ltd., 72/73, Fore Street, London, E.C.2.

Topping Times — In Shakespeare's Day

"He's a coward and a coystril, that will not drink to my niece, till his brains turn o' the toe like a parish-top." — Sir Toby Belch. "Twelfth Night" Act I. Scene III.

Sir Toby Belch

The Bard of Avon drew many an allusion from the habits and customs that were around him, but conditions of living have so changed that many of the games and pastimes of his period have been forgotten. The quotation above from *Twelfth Night* serves as an excellent example. A large top was kept in many an Elizabethan village to be whipped in frosty weather that the peasants might be kept warm by the exercise and out of mischief when they could not work. It must have been an amazing sight to see grown men and women whipping a top through narrow streets and inn yards. The dexterity needed to keep the top spinning over cobbles and crude paving would make the modern small boy's eyes open wide with envy.

Maria

BEDTIME STORY

The Private Life of Ethel Givins, the Village Belle

Sketches by Walter Goetz

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

Auntie Joy, who was in great agony, hit out briskly on all sides

AS Auntie Joy entered the nursery the children flung away their Christmas toys and swarmed round her, clamouring for a story.

" Make it snappy, Pieface !" yelled little Henry, who, like the others, was attending a prep. school run on strict Bertrand Russell lines.

" No lousy moral stuff ! " bawled Una, aged ten, seizing a toy saw and giving her little brother several painful abrasions.

" Hell's bells, give the old tart a chance ! " shouted Roger, aged six, as he began with Sally and Pamela to kick Auntie Joy with careful precision on the shins and kneecaps, using several choice oaths meanwhile.

Although she knew how wrong and unscientific it is to prevent the modern child's " expressing " itself, Auntie Joy, who was in great agony, hit out briskly on all sides. When peace was at length restored, she said between her teeth :

" Listen, you little swine,"

Without further preliminary Auntie Joy began the story of

CURFEW BELL, or Ethel Givins's Secret.

EVERYBODY in the village (said Auntie Joy) loved Ethel Givins, a devilish pretty piece of pink and white (as the Squire was wont to remark, licking his lips), if ever there was one. Like some sweet fragrant Saxon rose, Ethel bloomed amid the humdrum of English village life, with its simple round of work, play, homicide, suicide, arson, and rape, as virtuous as she was beautiful. Hence when her betrothal to William Buncombe, the village Romeo, was announced, the air was thick with rural congratulations. These I will not attempt to reproduce; there are far too many " thiccys " and " gorms " and " martles " in them. Suffice it to say that Ethel understood and enjoyed them all.

" I be martle glad an' bobblesome," she said to the assembled village, " vor tew zee 'ee, danged ef I bain't, an' 'tis tarble . . . 'tis . . . I be . . . Well, anyhow," said Ethel briskly, " thanks. Thanks most awfully, one and all."

The rejoicings over her betrothal had scarcely ended when, to the delight of the villagers, who had had a bad year, a war broke out and a squadron of cavalry came clattering into the village and took up its quarters there. The captain commanding was a bronzed, handsome, distingué young soldier with a small, trim, black moustache. As he swaggered into the farm-kitchen of the Givinses, jingling his spurs and roaring for brandy, Ethel thought she had never seen a comelier man. His first act, after glancing at himself in a pocket-mirror, was to chuck the girl carelessly under the chin.

" Excuse me ! " said Ethel haughtily, disregarding the winks and nods of her aged but venal mother.

" Granted as soon as asked," said the handsome captain lightly, for his manners were as perfect as his face and figure. With a gay laugh he drained his first dram and looked at Ethel with bold black eyes.

A squadron of cavalry came clattering into the village

William, who was a little the worse for drink, gave one bellow and hurled himself on the seducer

" Been to any shows lately ? " he asked.

There had been a temperance lecture, with lantern slides, at the village institute only a month before. Ethel described the entertainment with sparkling eyes, for she was a great lover of gaiety. The captain listened with keen interest. When Ethel came to the part where a greatly enlarged representation of the interior of a drunkard's stomach was thrown on to the screen in five different colours, he could hardly restrain his enthusiasm.

" It only shows what alcohol does, doesn't it ? " he said, fingering his moustache and reaching for the bottle.

" Doesn't it ? " said Ethel shyly. " Of course a drink here and there in moderation has no harmful effect," she added.

" I take a little myself," said the captain thoughtfully, passing an arm round Ethel's waist, " now and again, but more out of good-fellowship than any craving after stimulants."

" I only take it *medicinally*," said Ethel, " and even then hardly ever."

" Taken medicinally," said the captain, " it's more good for one than otherwise, within reason. And who the hell," said the captain, drawing Ethel gently on his knee, " is this tallow-faced son of a spavined witch on my left ? "

It was honest William Buncombe, stealing in on tip-toe to catch a glimpse of his betrothed. At the sight of the lovely girl in the captain's arms, where she was now cosily reclined, William, who was a little the worse for drink, gave one bellow and hurled himself on the seducer. In an instant both were rolling on the stone floor. In another instant the captain had blown a shrill blast on his whistle and two burly troopers had run in and seized his rustic assailant.

" Take this bandy-legged so-and-so away and hang him," said the captain curtly.

" Ay, ay, sir," said the troopers, delighted at this unexpected treat.

" On the first stroke of curfew to-night," said the captain.

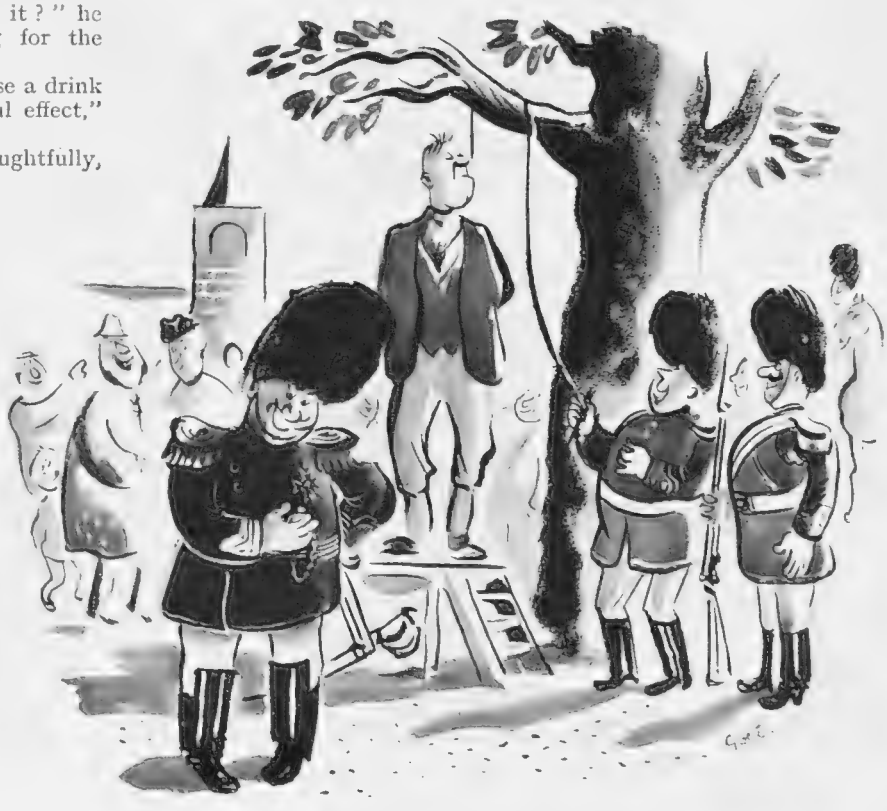
They dragged honest William away, stumbling, cursing, and comparing his loved one to all manner of displeasing objects, animal, vegetable and mineral.

Ethel giggled.

As dusk approached Ethel Givins felt a stab of reproach. She felt she ought to have done something or other about William Buncombe, to whom she was, after all, engaged.

(Continued on a later page

" Curfew shall not ring to-night." " Eh ? " quivered the ancient man



They then hanged honest William Buncombe

BY FRANK FORD

" Here, Boss, look what the Murphy Gang 'v sent us—an' we never even sent 'em a card ! "

That evening, soon after dinner, the carol-singers arrived, bearing a lantern on a long pole, and took up their stand outside my front door

The Thirteenth Carol-Singer

By H. M. Raleigh

Illustrations by Relf

On the afternoon of Christmas Eve I went for a long walk over the Downs, partly to escape the fuss and clutter of Christmas preparations, and partly to generate an appetite worthy of the feast of good things which I hoped would very soon be laid before me. The weather was abominable: cold and damp, and a thin, soaking drizzle which penetrated my rough country clothes and chilled me to the marrow; but I put my best foot foremost and trudged on over the slippery grass to the crest of the hill overlooking our village. And as I walked, I pondered over the curious affair of the missing carol-singer.

It was all rather queer. Some days earlier I had been approached by old Tom Burgess—road-sweeper, British Legion chairman, and a stout fellow—with a request that I would allow myself to be serenaded in my cottage by a party of local carol-singers on the evening before Christmas Day.

"That 's all right, Tom," I had said. "You know well enough I 'm all for the old Christmas customs. How many of you will there be? I should like to have some kind of refreshment ready for the troops."

"Well, sir," said Tom slowly, "some of the lads is a bit skeered-like, but us reckons to come thirteen, all told. It be an unlucky number, some do say, but us don't set no store by such."

And then, the very next day, one of the carol-singers had unaccountably disappeared. It was rather a nasty business, and caused a lot of talk in the village, for the facts of the case, and the inferences to be drawn therefrom, seemed as plain as pie-crust. Harold Armstrong, the missing carol-singer, was a youth who occasionally did odd jobs for me in and about the garden; he was to have been married soon after the New Year to a stonemason's daughter in the village, and there had been a certain amount of bad blood over the match. The girl had promised herself to another suitor, Dick Hodges, but she had thrown him over in favour of Harold, and the disgruntled Dick had left the village, muttering threats of vengeance. Harold at this time had steady employment as a shepherd, and on the morning of his disappearance had set off at daybreak across the Downs in charge of his flock.

He never came back.

Late that night I was knocked up by Seth Morgan, one of our oldest parishioners and a man I had learned to respect. He was spoken of in the village as "Parson's right-hand man," he was a churchwarden and a prominent member of the Parish Council, and his record was without stain or blemish. I respected him, but I didn't like him. His appearance was smug, and he was a shade too respectable. Besides—I had heard stories.

He came to tell me that Harold Armstrong was missing, and that his sheep had been found browsing, unattended, on the hillside. He went on to tell me about Dick Hodges, whose lack of success in love had culminated in his leaving the village.

"Hodges," he said solemnly, "is a ne'er-do-well. He wanted that girl for himself, but Armstrong proved the better man, so he vanished. Now Armstrong has vanished too. It 's queer, that 's what it is, sir, and I don't like it."

"Well," said I, "if you feel there 's anything wrong, you 'd better go and see the police. I don't see how I can help you, and I think, as a matter of fact, you 're making a mountain out of a molehill."

Molehill or not, Harold Armstrong was not seen again, and Seth Morgan did actually call in the police. They could find no trace of the missing shepherd, nor could they find Dick Hodges. Nasty murmurs stole round the village. Obviously, it was a case of murder. Dick had killed Harold, hidden the body somewhere on the Downs, and bolted to "foreign parts." And I, as I strolled across the Downs ruminating on these things, reminded myself that the number of carollers who were appointed to serenade me on Christmas Eve had dwindled from thirteen to twelve.

I walked on, and presently came to a small copse surrounded by a broken-down fence. To me, who had walked for an hour over bleak open spaces, the copse appeared an oasis in the desert, and I scrambled through the fence. It is difficult to describe my sensations, but as I pushed my way through the sodden undergrowth and trod gently on a soft carpet of mouldering beech-leaves, I became obsessed by a feeling of uncomfortable expectancy, as if I knew that something rather horrible was about to happen. Then I came upon the well.

It was very old—Roman tiles surrounded the mouth—and over the top had been heaped a pile of brushwood, to prevent sheep from falling in. I pushed the brushwood aside and peered down, but I could not see the bottom; the shaft tapered off into darkness. Only, deep down in the shadows—it must have been my imagination—I fancied I saw something move. I looked round for a stone, found one, and dropped it into the well, counting aloud as I did so, to see how long it took the stone to reach the water. The stone went bounding and rattling down into the depths, and at least three seconds must have passed before the reverberations ended in a report like a pistol shot, but immediately afterwards there happened that which sent me hurrying out of the copse with beads of perspiration on my forehead and a sensation of cold horror at the pit of my stomach. From the bottom of the well there came up to me an unearthly wailing cry—a most dismal and terrifying sound. It was comparable with no sound I had ever met with in ordinary life, and I could not help feeling it was not of this world. I strode rapidly homewards, shivering all over, and as I descended the hillside the dusk swallowed me up.

That evening, soon after dinner, the

Outside the window I had seen a face—deathly white, almost green in its pallor. It had lank black hair drooped across the forehead, dripping wet and tangled with water-weed

We carried with us a coil of stout rope, and the policeman, greatly daring, suffered himself to be lowered into the old well

carol-singers arrived, bearing a lantern on a long pole, and took up their stand outside my front door. They opened their programme with "The First Noël," and followed on with "Good King Wenceslas," after which I thought it time to take them out a tray laden with glasses of ginger wine. There were twelve glasses on the tray, one for each carol-singer, but when all these had been taken up I found that one chorister still lacked a drink.

"Ah," I said to myself, "so there *are* thirteen of them after all. They must have found somebody at the last moment to take the place of Harold Armstrong."

But when, turning back into the house, I brought out a thirteenth glass of ginger wine, I could find nobody who had not already been served.

"Stupid of me," I muttered to the leader of the carol-singers, old Tom Burgess; "for a moment I thought there were thirteen of you."

Tom shook his head.

"No, sir," he said. "Us be twelve. You know very well, sir, Harold Armstrong was to have come, but nobody don't rightly seem to know where he be to."

I gave Tom a ten-shilling note, and the carol-singers departed to lubricate their larynxes at the village inn. I stood outside and counted them as they left, and I will swear until my dying day that there were thirteen of them!

It must have been somewhere round about midnight when I awoke and sat bolt upright in bed. For some reason which I could not explain even to myself, I felt most desperately afraid. The window of my bedroom was shut, for I had forgotten to open it when I blew out my candle, and I could hear the rain driving against the panes. Then, downstairs, I heard a frantic hammering on my front door. I lit a candle, scrambled into a dressing-gown, and went down, to find Seth Morgan, "Parson's right-hand man," clamouring for admittance. I let him in, and took him into my study, and never have I seen a human being look so scared. He was an elderly man, lean and sallow at the best of times, but now he seemed to have shrivelled into nothing.

"For God's sake, sir," he panted, "let me stay here for to-night. Those carol-singers . . . it 's ghastly!"

I poured out a tot of brandy for the man; he was obviously unninged, and he drained the glass at a gulp.

"Come now, Morgan," I said, "you 're behaving like a child of two. What 's the matter with you?"

The brandy calmed him a little, and he became more coherent.

Continued on a later page

BY FOUEY

Queer Parties: The Nudists' Christmas Tree

UNEQUALLED FOR NEARLY 200 YEARS

BY APPOINTMENT

SIR FELIX BOOTH
Bart

distinguished scientist, Fellow of the Royal Society, was the pioneer distiller of Pure Gin. His research resulted in the extraction of deleterious matter from the spirit and as a result Booth's Gin has an unequalled record of two centuries of Purity.

SIR FELIX BOOTH, *BART.*

ALWAYS—whenever men have met in succeeding generations since it was first distilled in 1740—Booth's Dry Gin has been acclaimed the best as well as the Purest of Gins. A pure, matured, full-flavoured drink well suited to the discriminating.

And this verdict has never been altered.

Maturity is the reason for its pale straw colour, for its finer flavour and its extra body. It is the reason why **It's the world's most popular Gin for Cocktails or long drinks.**

BOOTH'S
MATURED
DRY GIN

FOREMOST TO-DAY

The New HILLMAN "Hawk," "Sixteen," "80"

INCORPORATING "EVENKEEL"—THE WONDERFUL NEW SUSPENSION

"HAWK" AND "SIXTEEN"

Saloon £295
Saloon De Luxe ... £320
Sports Saloon £365
Touring Car De Luxe ... £320
Wingham Convertible Cabriolet £435

"80"

Seven-Seater Saloon ... £375
Enclosed Drive Limousine £395
Sports Saloon £415
Wingham Convertible Cabriolet £475

THE HILLMAN MOTOR CAR CO., LTD., Coventry. *London Showrooms and Export Dept.*, ROOTES LTD., Devonshire House, Piccadilly, W.1

C.F.H. 123

Through Glass, Darkly

by

Milward Kennedy

Illustrations by Tony Weare

Old Crocker moved cautiously to the left, half-lifted his claw-like hand to rap on the window, began to wonder what story of misfortune he should pitch this time—and then thought better of it. True, it was a foul night; just for that reason the Captain might not be best pleased to be disturbed

It was pitch dark. The wind was bitter and turbulent, so that whatever the direction in which you faced, and however cunningly you tried to turn for shelter, it still whipped and stung you with a rain which sometimes turned to sleet.

Old Crocker hated it. No one knew better than that expert mendicant how to walk through the townlet of Parfold without ever going more than a couple of hundred yards in a straight line; the darkness caused him no inconvenience; but he could not avoid the wind and the wet, and his rags were soaked through long before he reached the corner of Bath Crescent.

Bath Crescent: that suggested Captain Tom Farley. The Captain had a way of showing that he didn't believe your story, and yet he had also a way of giving you a tanner, or sometimes standing you a pint of half-and-half. On a night like this, a pint of half-and-half now—well, it was worth trying. Third house on the left: here was the iron gate.

But as old Crocker reached the end of the flagged path and was feeling in the darkness for the first of the four steps that led to the front door, he hesitated. It was late; the maid might answer the bell, and she would send him packing, and tell the Captain, God knows what lies about him. Well, then, he might just tap on the window of the room to the left of the door; it was there that the Captain mostly sat, smoking his pipe, and maybe with a glass of whisky.

Old Crocker moved cautiously to the left, half-lifted his claw-like hand to rap on the window, began to wonder what story of misfortune he should pitch this time—and then thought better of it. True, it was a foul night; just for that reason the Captain might not be best pleased to be disturbed, to be obliged to open his window and let in the wind and the rain. And it was late. Better to wait till the morning; then old Crocker would have a true story to tell of his discomforts, of having to sleep in wet clothes, in the tumble-down shed at the back of the World's Grocery Stores.

Hating his wisdom, old Crocker decided to turn, and shuffled back down the path to the Crescent.

To Alec Farley the foulness of the night was not only appropriate but was a comfort. He was acutely aware that he was—would they call it compounding a felony? Or was he an accessory? Or would he and Tom be charged jointly?

He cursed his cousin—but not aloud; he was much too afraid of Tom for that. When he came and stayed in Parfold, it sickened him to hear everyone sing the praises of

Captain Farley. They were all taken in by Tom's hearty manner: Alec longed to tell them what the man was really like. A bully and a crook. Look at the way he treated Alec. After all, signing your cousin's name to a cheque was a family affair: it was not at all the same as signing a stranger's. Who but Tom would have said, brutally, that if he was to condone a felony—or was it compound a felony?—Cousin Alec would darned well have to do the same thing in exchange?

What the hell was Tom doing, anyway? It surely couldn't take a man half an hour to open his own safe? But Tom, of course, was so absurdly thorough; he would "go through with all the motions," as he put it. Climb in by a ladder, and break open a window, and make at least a pretence at breaking open a safe: and all to make it appear that the burglary was a genuine one.

And Alec was going to be made to look a fool: he was to admit to the police that he had had the unutterable folly to announce on a postcard that he would be bringing the pearls down with him to Parfold, and would that be all right? And that he had sent the postcard to Tom's office, at the same time putting the wrong number in East Street. All very cunning of Tom, no doubt; it would be easy to say that any one of a couple of dozen people might have read the postcard. But what would they say of Alec Farley's intelligence?

Then there was this alibi. Tom was disgustingly pleased with himself for having made Alec sit through a dreary film a couple of months ago in London and make notes about it, just so that the two of them could in that way substantiate their story that they had spent this evening in the Palace at Parfold. To-night the pair of them had dined at the club (if one could really call it that) and had gone to the Palace and sat through the topical film, and had slipped out: Tom was satisfied that no one had seen them go—if he had not been, the whole show was to have been off. That had given them a clear hour and a quarter before they were to get back to the Palace and mix in the outcoming audience and, in one way or another, make themselves conspicuous.

All this trouble and risk—just so that Tom could steal the pearls and, in due course, receive from Alec seventy-five per cent. of the insurance money. Alec almost burst with inward rage as he contemplated so unfair a division of the spoils; that he was also to recover from Tom the forged cheques seemed to him a point of no value or importance.

Unnecessary risk. Why on earth could not Alec have been allowed to stay in the cinema? Why complicate things by making him, too, climb the ladder, and hang about here, shaking with fright, while the "burglary" was carried out? It was just like Tom to refuse to trust his own cousin; he could have sworn that Tom was with him in the cinema all the evening—or, for that matter, if things went astray, he could have admitted that that was a lie. People would think all the better of him if he lied to protect his cousin.

But Tom never gave you a chance: said openly that he did not trust you; that he would feel safer if he had you with him all the time.

"Oh, come *on*," said Alec to himself. It must be time that they started back to the Palace. "My God, the servants may be back at any minute. Tom can't have told them not to be back before . . .

"Nearly done?" he asked, aloud and huskily. "Suppose the servants——"

"Shut *up!*" Tom answered in a whisper which yet managed to have a savage sound. "*They* won't be back. Never come in at the proper time even. I won't be five minutes now."

Five minutes is a hell of a time, thought Alec, when half of it had gone. He was virtually in darkness, for the gas fire was not alight, and Tom was working by the light of a tiny electric torch.

Alec rose to his feet, restlessly, from the armchair by the window. He could not resist the temptation to look out of the window, just to see what the weather was like now: not that he would be able to see anything, on so pitch dark a night. But he might pretend to see something, just to make Tom hurry. Or to give Tom a fright; he would do a lot to get a little of his own back.

Silently he parted the curtains enough to put his head between them. He pressed his forehead against the window-pane.

"What the hell—— ? Stop it, you——"

But it did not need Tom's oaths to make Alec pull his head back and close the curtains. His heart thumped and thumped.

"What was it?" Tom demanded. Tom had had his fright all right, but Alec found no satisfaction in that.

"Just a car—gone by," he answered.

Tom snorted and seemed satisfied.

"Come on. All done. We must hurry," and he led the way back to the bedroom window at the back of the house, and the wet ladder that leant against its sill.

What Alec did not tell him was that as the car came slowly into the curve of Bath Crescent its headlights shone straight on the window against which his face was pressed; and the glare was reflected from the window sufficiently to reveal to him another face grinning up at him from the darkness: a horrible, leering, bleary tramp.

Alec determined to think no more about it. Just a tramp; he would be ten miles away to-morrow, and probably a hundred miles before the police and the Press got busy.

"What—what is it?" he mumbled.
Tom laughed grimly.
"Someone suffering from curiosity," he said. "I laid him out."
"But will he—did he know?"
"No need to alter our plans or to worry about his evidence. Come on, hurry."

Certainly he would not tell Tom. There would be the hell of a row and . . .

He followed his cousin down the ladder.

Despite the wind he thought he that heard sounds from below him: he supposed that it was Tom cursing him, as usual—how could he be quicker? When he reached the ground he half-stumbled over something. Tom caught him by the arm.

"What—what is it?" Alec mumbled.

Tom laughed grimly.

"Someone suffering from curiosity," he said. "I laid him out."

"But will he—did he know you?"

"No need to alter our plans or to worry about his evidence. Come on, hurry. And keep to the paved path."

THINGS were going desperately badly. It was a ghastly shock to learn next morning of the discovery not only of the burglary (that, of course, was meant to be discovered) but also of the dead body of a police-constable. The man had been assaulted: the back of his head had fallen with fatal violence against a big stone, part of a rockery.

Alec wondered whether Tom had realised that the constable was dead. He remembered what he had said about there being no need to alter their plans. He felt sick with fright.

What made it all the worse was that (he had not realised that this would be so) it was upon him, Alec Farley, as the owner of the pearls, that the police investigation was concentrated. His story (no, Tom's story, damn him!) of the reason why he had brought the necklace down to Parfold had sounded horribly unconvincing in the pale, wet daylight. Family heirloom, the wish to show the necklace to his cousin: the Inspector fellow had looked queer. Alec did not guess that the Inspector's suspicion was merely that he had some idea of arranging with his cousin that the pearls should cease to be an heirloom—should be converted into cash; but, then, of course, the Inspector did not know that Alec had a sister, a tiresome creature with old-fashioned ideas.

And then the alibi: he had told Tom from the first that it was weak. And Tom had said that that would make it all the more natural. But the Inspector was obviously not satisfied with it; and, that being so, why had Tom looked murder when he, Alec, elaborated it? ("Looked murder": my God, it had got to stand the test of murder now!). True, it had been agreed that Tom should remember, casually, that he had exchanged a few words with that chap Ogilvie at the end of the show; but Alec felt that he looked a big enough fool already, thanks to that postcard, and that it was reasonable that he should strengthen his own story.

"Oh, you know Mr. Ogilvie?" the Inspector asked, and there Tom had butted in, with a savage glare at his cousin but obviously delighted to imagine that he was saving the situation.

"No, Inspector, my cousin does not know Mr. Ogilvie, but I told him afterwards who it was. But I'm sure that Mr. Ogilvie will remember my speaking to him."

At which the Inspector made a note to the effect (as Tom Farley guessed but Alec did not) that there seemed to be a shade too much anxiety about this alibi.

But Alec did realise that things were not going well; the Inspector seemed so stupid, so unlike the detective of fiction, so slow to make brilliant and unexpected deductions. Alec restlessly attempted to help him.

"Isn't it all very obvious?" he asked.

The Inspector raised his eyebrows, and Tom lowered his.

"Meaning, sir?"

"Why, the ladder. I've heard there's what is called a 'Ladder Gang'; haven't they been at work in this neighbourhood?"

"That's true," the Inspector answered. "And that's just what makes this so odd. The ladder that was used to break in here was the ladder that's kept in this very garden; but the Ladder Gang—why, they'll carry a ladder a couple of miles across country: always bring their own, as it were."

"Yes, but——"

"And if it wasn't the Ladder Gang, why did they break in through a first-floor window? The scullery door——", and the Inspector ended with a gesture which expressed his view of the fantastic flimsiness of the scullery door.

"Well, now, Captain Farley, perhaps *you* can help me. The servants, for example . . ."

Alec was so conscious that Tom was longing to break every bone in his body that his thankfulness to be released from cross-examination was intensified. He walked to the bow window, the very window against which last night—"My God, I forgot about that tramp! But, oh, it doesn't matter."

And he firmly dismissed the memory and leant against the wall and stared out into Bath Crescent, trying to convince himself that this was just a nightmare. That murdered policeman . . . With half his consciousness he listened to Tom lying with confidence and aplomb and doing his utmost to remove the wretched effect of his cousin's incompetence; with the other half, he racked his brains for a way to do Tom down. There must be some way in which he could get the whole of the insurance money, at any rate; if only he could get back those cheques——. But he must be devilish careful; Tom might land him with the whole thing—get him sent to gaol and——. But what did the money matter now? Murder: to be hanged by the neck . . .

And then the gate from Bath Crescent opened. My God, it could not possibly be true! It could not be the same man. And yet it was true—it was the same man: that horrible old tramp, wearing that same loathsome smile, creeping up the

(Continued on page ii)

BY HAILSTONE

"Here is a police message: Missing from his home . . ."

BY FRANK FORD

"My dear, who *is* that peculiar looking creature?"

My Aunt Tries Television

By Maurice Lane-Norcott

Illustrations by Hendy

The Abbé Franz Liszt, with a look of intense hatred, rapped Miss Mimms on the forehead with his knuckles

I HAVE been asked by the Editor of the BYSTANDER to relate some of the extraordinary experiences which have happened to my aunt, Mrs. Molesworthy, while experimenting with a television set which was presented to her recently by fellow-members of the Brighter Broadcasting Club (Kensington Branch).

Before dealing with these extraordinary experiences, which have caused profound astonishment in television circles, I think I should say that my aunt's bona fides (or good faith) is beyond dispute.

Prior to her marriage my aunt was, of course, a Puffin, and the bona fides (or good faith) of the Puffins is one of the oldest in England, although I, for one, wouldn't sit down at a card-table or permit my womenfolk to play games of chance with young Sebastian Puffin, who, in 1927, was "pilled" for the 43 Club. However, the Puffins on their maternal side are, of course, Craddocks, and once a Craddock always a Craddock, *I* think, Puffins or no Puffins.

Still, that can in no way detract from my aunt, who for many years now has been, legally, a Molesworthy. Maybe, to give you some slight idea of her sterling qualities, I had better draw her.

You see? That, obviously, is a face which one can trust implicitly.

* * *

The first extraordinary event which led my aunt to believe that there is a great deal more in television than meets the casual eye occurred in the early part of this year, while she was peering-in to an experimental relay of a certain Miss Mimms playing the Hungarian Rhapsody No. 4 from a studio in Cardiff.

For some while my aunt watched this performance without feeling any particular emotion, except, perhaps, one of slight ennui, but, just when she was least expecting it, a very remarkable thing happened. *The lid of the piano suddenly flew open and the Abbé Franz Liszt thrust out his leonine head.*

For some seconds, my aunt says, the Abbé Franz Liszt stared at this Miss Mimms with a look of intense hatred in his glowing eyes. Then, leaning right out of the piano, he rapped her on the forehead with his knuckles.

"Make it snappy, woman, can't you?" he hissed angrily. "Put your foot on the loud pedal and get some passion into it! I wrote a rhapsody, not a fugue!"

Needless to say, such loose talk spoken in the middle of a public broadcast was most offensive to my aunt. Going straight up to the little silver screen, she doubled her fist and gave Liszt a good hard rap on his own forehead.

"You cad, Liszt!" she said sternly. "Perhaps *that* will teach you to keep a civil tongue in your head!"

At this the Abbé Franz Liszt became perfectly furious.

Before my aunt could say "Jack Robinson," this goat took a deep breath and commenced to sing "The Prize Song" in a beautiful tenor voice

"Don't you dare strike *me*, Mrs. Molesworthy!" he cried, and attempted to scramble out of the piano.

He had counted without my aunt, though, who has the courage of a rat when cornered.

"So long as you sully our English air with your loose foreign talk I shall continue to strike you, Liszt," she said icily.

And, without more ado, she pushed Liszt back into the piano again and slammed down the lid. Then, with a smile, she turned to Miss Mimms.

"Continue the broadcast, Miss Mimms," she said pleasantly. "And do, please, try to remember what the Abbé said. Just think of Clark Gable and let it rip."

For obvious reasons, that incident was not reported in the newspapers, but the very next day my aunt received a letter, congratulating her on her prompt action, signed by the Director-General himself—or "Jolly Johnnie Wreath," as he is affectionately called by the boys and girls of Broadcasting House.

* * *

Probably an even stranger experience befell my aunt last June, during a relay of *Die Meistersinger*—or, as we should say in English, the "Master Singers" or "Singing Masters").

Chancing to look up at the screen during a particularly noisy bit, my aunt was surprised to see a goat standing in the centre of the stage, with its head thrown back as though it were about to bleat very shortly.

Naturally, this puzzled my aunt at first, because she couldn't recall that Wagner had composed any parts for goats, particularly in *Die Meistersinger*. In the end she concluded that this goat must have strayed on to the stage by accident—probably from some night-club.

Fortunately, my aunt happened to have a carrot with her—she was on a carrot diet at the time—and, in the hope of coaxing the animal off the stage, she held out this vegetable in a very inviting manner. Imagine her horror, then, when she heard Mme. Lotte Lehmann, who was standing next to the goat, say in a low voice: "Kindly don't feed Herr Bohnen during the opera"!

"I beg your pardon?" said my aunt, utterly taken aback.

"I said 'Kindly don't feed Herr Bohnen during the opera,'" repeated Mme. Lotte Lehmann softly. And then she put her finger to her lips, as though to say "Hush!" and, before my aunt could say "Jack Robinson," this goat took a deep breath and commenced to sing "The Prize Song" in a beautiful tenor voice.

Nor was that the last my aunt saw of this strange goat by any manner of means. It always seemed to be cropping up after that, sometimes tottering on to the screen and giving a lecture on "Coke," under the pseudonym of Professor Wilks, and at other times playing the organ from St. Botolph's Cinema, or doing a few simple conjuring tricks with a handkerchief and an egg during the Children's Hour.

The last occasion this goat appeared on my aunt's screen was, approximately, five months ago, when it suddenly pranced on as one of the Eight Dancing Daughters, and appeared to be enjoying itself hugely, kicking up its legs and singing in a shrill voice: "Music Hall! Ba-a-a-a-a-ah! Music Hall!"

Unfortunately, since then it has completely disappeared, and my aunt frankly admits there are times when she sadly misses it. It was such a gay, versatile goat.

* * *

I will conclude by relating the very queer story of my aunt and the poet Longfellow.

It seems that one day, having nothing better to do, my aunt was glancing-in to a Gardening Talk by a certain famous gardener named Muddleton (or Puddleton), when, to her astonishment, the poet Longfellow suddenly walked on to the screen and said in a solemn voice: "Don't grow calceolarias or chrysanthemums! Grow roses!" He then bowed politely and walked off again.

At first my aunt thought that perhaps this was a subtle advertising scheme, and that the poet Longfellow would appear during the next Gardening Talk and recommend some particular brand of roses—such as Tonkins' Sweet-scented or Ramsbothams' Fast-coloured. However, Longfellow did nothing of the sort. He merely walked on and repeated a variation of his first remark, that was all.

"Don't grow the common selaginella, aubretia reptens, berberis vulgaris, campanula montana, or nasturtiums," he said gravely. "Always grow roses."

He then bowed politely and walked off again.

Well, to cut a long story short, these interruptions by the poet Longfellow became so frequent that, finally, my aunt decided to demand an explanation of them. Accordingly, the

(Continued on page ii)

The last occasion this goat appeared was when it suddenly pranced on as one of the Eight Dancing Daughters . . . kicking up its legs and singing in a shrill voice

Christmas in Other Lands.

STORMTROOPER APFELTEUFEL CREATES A BAD IMPRESSION WITH HIS FALSE NOSE —

SINCERE RUSSIANS CANNOT BEAR TO SEE A CHRISTMAS TREE WITHOUT CANDLES —

MAÑANA SIESTA, THE FAMOUS MATADOR, TREATS HIS BANDERILLEROS TO AN EXHIBITION OF HIS SKILL —

Dorey 35

The Bride

A Domestic Comedy

By

Josephine Blumenfeld

Illustrations by

Keith Bryant

After all, it was really up to her . . . she would take back hats he didn't like and get ones he did like

THE bride looked lovely.

They always do. Never "The bride looked ghastly", "The bride looked revolting," or "My dear, what a hideous bride."

No; "The bride looked lovely," and so she should continue for at least six months or a year—whenever the interminable time came when one was released from bride-dom and allowed to sink back into normal wifehood.

The bride should smile *always*. The bride should be clean and sparkling like a newly-cleaned carpet. The bride should radiate happiness, a faint smell of lavender bags; good humour, sweetness, serenity, "Faith, Hope and Charity." And always—always—she should smile.

But it didn't matter about the bridegroom. He could get roaring, raging drunk every morning before breakfast; scowl; embezzle the firm's or the bride's money; commit murder, petty larceny, blackmail, or anything for all the world cared. He died as soon as the ceremony was over, as far as the world was concerned, like a he-bee after the nuptial flight. It was only the bride that mattered.

Mrs. Ronny Barkley bit her finger-nails as she pondered over this state of bridery. She was a bride herself: a month-old one with five more to go; and somehow things didn't seem to be going quite right.

For instance, she didn't feel at all lovely; she didn't glisten, shine, or radiate happiness. The only thing she radiated was rows. Rows, rows, rows; more rows, recriminations, and then more rows. It was true that for a while after having made up one of the rows that she radiated happiness for a few hours, but no one was ever there to see, as it was usually in the evenings. Now that was quite wrong; brides should radiate in the mornings, out in the street where they could be seen; at women's luncheons, bridge teas, and nice, quiet dinner-parties given for the newly-married couple.

Certainly no self-respecting bride should have so many rows.

Now, as she pondered over her state, she decided they must stop. She would never be a real bride if they went on; she would be haggard and worn out long before the six months were up, and Ronny would begin to wish he 'd married a nice, matured widow.

After all, it was really up to her; it was always up to the woman—and there were so many ways to prevent them. She could pretend she hadn't heard the awful scrunching noise he made when eating toast, and all sorts of little things could be looked over—she would be tolerant when he was telling stories she 'd heard before; take back hats he didn't like and get ones he did like; try not to bite her nails or put varnish on them, which he hated; and at the same time do really what she liked without making it a subject for discussion. Oh, there were lots of ways if she put her mind to it; and, after all, if she could manage the new cook and maid, "do the linen" and see that the soap went round the house,

whatever that meant, she could easily cope with a husband who probably after all only wanted a little peace.

Of course, the married state would take a little time to settle down to; there were so many things to contend with. For instance, you had to see that the water was always hot; remember to order in whisky and lots of soda syphons; have gins-and-tonics for hot men after golf; and not let the flowers die or the water get green and smelly.

You had to learn not to scream with fright when a maid suddenly appeared from behind a door with a hurt look on her face and said: "May I speak to you, please, madam?", and add up all the tradesmen's books every Saturday morning and try and see that you were not being "done."

It was a life's job like any other, and she would take it in hand; then, she might radiate and glisten; one never knew.

Filled with good resolutions, she rang for the maid to bring up cocktails; arranged her hair carefully, took off the red from her nails, and settled down with a book.

It was after six already. He was late; well, only a little. She would be smiling when he came; she might even take his hat and stick and make up some pleasant little lie about having been out and rushed home just so as to be there to greet him. She would be very nice to him when he came—fly out to meet him, hang round his neck, and never, never have any more silly rows.

The telephone-bell rang suddenly.

It was Ronny, speaking from a call office. His voice sounded odd and a long way off. He couldn't get back to dinner; it was frightfully important—some business he had to put through with Harold McClean; he was going to their house and they wanted her to come along as well. Iris would be delighted if she would.

"Iris"! For a second she felt the blood rushing madly over her body; heard her heart beating with tremendous thumps. Iris! Anybody but Iris! She wouldn't—she couldn't! Oh, what was he thinking of? She heard her own voice answer, as she tried to steady it, tried to make it sound unconcerned.

"I 'm sorry, Ronny, but I 'm afraid I can't—I 've accepted an invitation to go out to dinner and a party afterwards; I was just off when you rang. I was going to leave a note to say don't wait up.... What 's that? No, I 'm afraid that 's impossible—he 's waiting for me now. . . . Who? Eric—he 's up for the night. What 's that? By eleven? No, I can't possibly—mine is important, too."

Spurred by a sudden uncontrolled fury, she slammed down the receiver.

Oh! How could he—how dared he? Iris—that awful woman! Iris, whom he swore he never wanted to see again! Iris, who was always something in the background, she tried not to think about. Iris, whom everybody had coupled with Ronny for a good two years, and who 'd then married his best friend so as to make things all the more difficult.

But it was over now. It had been over for years; it was a thing of the past; it was absurd to be like that about her. Everybody had pasts; you wouldn't want a man who hadn't—of course, you wouldn't: it was so silly. Silly. Yes, perhaps it was, but the fact remained just the same that he wanted her to go and have dinner with her: go and sit there like a stuffed mummy to be looked over by the wonderful Iris. Iris, who was so knowledgeable, so experienced—so very much everything which *she* was not. Oh, no, this was too much—even Ronny should have seen what a terrible situation it was.

"So you 're Ronny's little bride, are you? How sweet! So young, so innocent. Such a dear, simple little thing! But he'll tire of you; he 's bound to; they always do, of your type. A little too loving, a little too raw, if you don't mind my saying so."

That would be the sort of evening. He might have known how she felt about it, and saved her from such a degrading experience. Or hadn't he thought of her side of it? But only just of himself and how pleasant it would be in Iris's company again? Well, if he thought like that, why had he married at all? Oh, because men often married after a hectic love-affair. They wanted to settle down and rear wonderful little reproductions of themselves; have a home and nice, regular warm meals. She could see it all plainly, now; a bride, that 's what she was; a useful appendage that gradually grew into a wife and mother; a great, fat, boring thing in black satin, with no expression on her face; linen-cupboard-minded and always bickering with the tradesmen over their books.

Well, she wasn't going to be like that. She 'd go out and not come in till three; then he 'd realise that she wasn't just the ordinary rut of brides; she 'd stay out for hours and he 'd be in, waiting, and when she got back she 'd be gay and full of the party she 'd been to.

She rang up one or two people, but everyone was out.

Disconsolate, and with a great feeling of loneliness, she decided on the pictures. It would go on till twelve, and Ronny would be in by eleven.

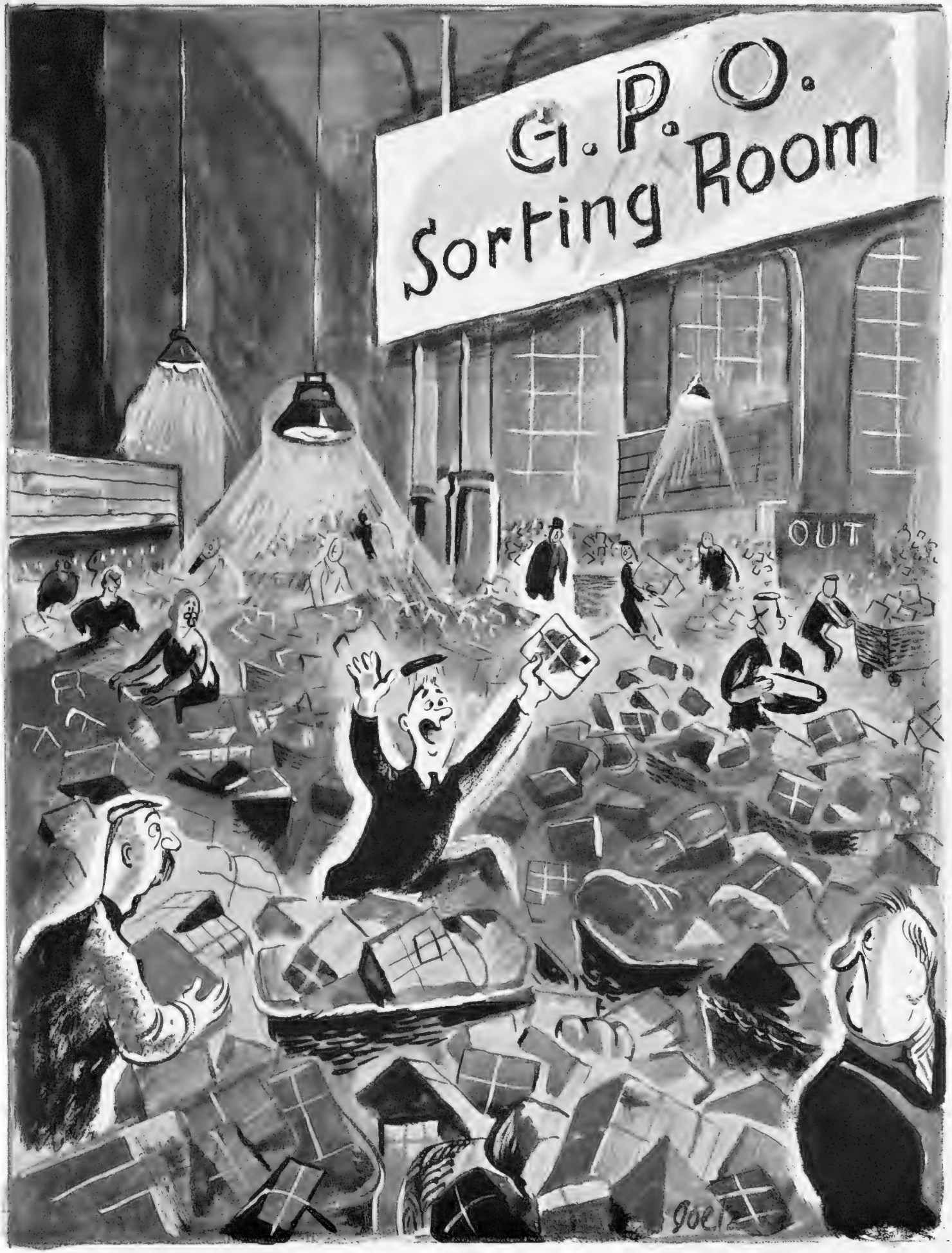
She trailed off up the road. The one-and-sixpennys were soft and warm, and she felt self-conscious as she squeezed past the row of knees.

No one else seemed to be alone. They all had arms round each other's necks and tousled hair in each other's faces.

The picture was about a bride: the sort of happy, laughing bride for whom everything went swimmingly till she gave birth to a child to which her husband took exception because he said it reminded him of a bootlegger they had known, before the marriage.

(Concluded on page 72)

"Aren't you glad you married me instead of that pimply-faced Dick Rawlings?"



BY WALTER GOETZ

"It's addressed to *me*!"

PUBLIC ENEM

THE INTRODUCER

" I want you two to know each other ! "

THE COY-MAKER

" You 're a funny boy — you are *a funny boy, aren't you ? "*

THE REMINISCENT AUNT

" Did I ever tell you the things my nephew, the one in Kenya, said, when he was a little boy ? "

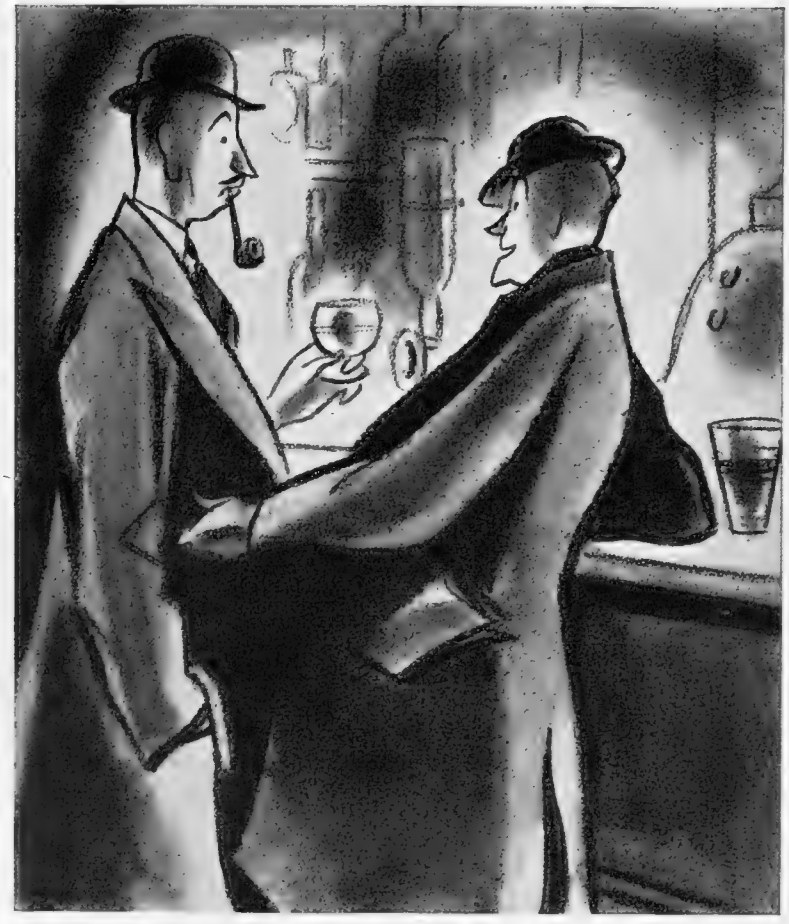
THE BUTTONHOLER

" Of course, ol' boy, I can tell you *in confidence —— "*

ES: by Frank Ford

THE ÆSTHETE

" What — never heard of design in depth ? "



THE MIGHT-HAVE-BEEN

" Of course, you 've *had education—now, if I 'd had* your *chances . . ."*

THE RACONTEUR

" Then he *goes out into the desert . . . Oh, I forgot, before that, she tells him——"*

THE MAP-MAKER

" Now, this *is the lorry, turning out of Gloucester Road—your pen 's* my *car . . ."*

"I slipped the revolver behind me, trying not to shoot myself in the heel"

The Face Under the Hat

(Continued from page 22)

"I *did* have unique chances in the old days that you fellows never got, and I did good business, too. I 'd got in with a pretty profitable partner, which was the reason I did so much work independently of the gang. Those were my best hauls.

"Glynn Webber was the name of the fellow that helped me. He 's dead now, but he was a wise-head in his day. The way he went to work was pretty sound. Webber lived an honest life as far as the law goes. He 'd never pinched a thing, but he used to sell information, and for a pretty high price, though it was worth paying for it. And he wouldn't sell except to certain people.

"One night he sent me a suit of dress clothes, a theatre ticket and a letter. I wore the clothes, went to the theatre and kept my eyes skinned, as instructed, for anything interesting in front of me. There was nothing, not so much as gold teeth, but there were two empty seats, and half-way through the first act those seats were filled by a pretty tidy couple. The girl had red hair, and the man was one of those good-looking dandies that you and I don't meet unless we want to pinch a platinum cigarette case. They were a pretty fine pair, sure, but what I had my eye on was the pearls round that girl's neck. Hundreds of them, well graded and not too big. Just the most saleable little lot you could imagine.

"After the theatre I met Glynn at our usual haunt and said I was on for this game. Glynn said he knew where the girl lived and had watched her go to every big function and the pearls were only a portion of what she 'd got. He thought it oughtn't to take long to find out where the jewels were kept.

"I figured Glynn had a job as one of those society newspaper reporters. He knew all about the swells, and I thought he most likely made up to the servants, pretending it was for his paper.

"But there 's one hitch in doing business the way we did. If anything happened, Glynn came out of the mess with an unspotted character. There was only my word to convict him, and that wouldn't carry much weight. On the other hand I was a notorious thief and there was a price on my head. If I didn't fit in with Glynn's ideas, he had me in the hollow of his hand. And if he wanted to be quit of me . . . Anyhow, our's was a good arrangement as long as we saw eye to eye. But we fell out over those pearls.

"He was a long time getting to work, and when I saw him next I knew by the look in his eye that he wanted money and wanted it damn quick. Says he, 'Those jewels are kept in a safe in her bedroom. I 've got a wax impression of the key of the flat, and I know a date when the place will be empty and you 'd have two clear hours with no one about.' But before he said anything more about it he wanted £1,000 paid down.

"Well, that seemed to me a pretty irregular price. I could do it, because the gang would always make a loan, but I didn't fancy paying all that, on the nail,

(Concluded on page 66)

Is it really more blessed to give than to receive . . . . when it's Cyclax?

Well, you can't get away from it, it may be a bit of a wrench . . . packing up any of these adorable gifts and saying 'Goodbye' to them.

Isn't that always so, when at last you find the rare present that is utterly desirable? (You *could* make a note of them, of course, against the time when some wise friend says to you "Now what would *you* like for Christmas?)

Leather Fitted week-end case
Contains all the preparations for the Cyclax Home beauty treatment 25/6

'La Cinquieme Nuit.'
The subtle new perfume which is causing such a flutter in London £2.5.0, £4.4.0

Lotion Purse.
Fitted with two small bottles (Powder Base & Cleansing Lotion). Slips into the handbag and simplifies the renewal of make-up during the day. 6/6

The 'Gold Series' of handbag accessories.
Eyelid cream 4/6 *Cream rouge* 4/6
Rouge compact 5/6 *Lipstick* 4/6

Powder de luxe.
Ask for the new 'pale green box' (full range of powder shades), 14/6

Every single thing Cyclax make is gift-worthy, and as every good shop sells Cyclax you will always find their 'beauty counters' stimulating.

Two particularly good gift suggestions not illustrated here are the Fitted Coffrette (containing all the home beauty treatment preparations) price 24/-, and the week-end Pochette, 22/6.

cyclax

London Salon, 58 South Molton St., W.1. Mayfair 0054-5

ALL GOOD SHOPS IN THE EMPIRE (EXCEPT CANADA) STOCK CYCLAX AND WILL ADVISE ON THE SYSTEM

The Face Under the Hat

(Continued from page 64)

and before the show. Generally, I paid Glynn half what he asked and the rest when the deal was safely over. If I paid all in advance, then the success of the scheme didn't matter to him. But he wouldn't come to any other agreement, and I was hungry after those pearls.

"I paid up. But, like a fool, I had used threats when we were arguing, and when the night came I couldn't get it out of my head that I was playing a fool's game.

"I had been warned to tog up decently as I had to pass the hall porter, and I was to be out of the place by eleven as the servants would be back by then. I found everything as Glynn had told me it would be, and the safe took just about as long as I expected. But the jewels were in a strong-box, too big and too like a jewel-case to carry past the hall porter, so I had to break that, too, and, damn me, it *was* a case. I 'd just got through it and I 'd have been away in another five minutes, when I heard a door open and footsteps coming straight for the room. In an instant I had my automatic levelled at the door, but I had a notion that whoever it was coming so straight and certain to the room knew what they were going to find.

"WELL, it was the girl herself. I don't think she 'd expected to see the revolver, but a girl doesn't stand up as cool as a cucumber in front of a revolver and tell you you 're caught unless she 's got half the police force to back her up. A trap if you like! I was properly had all round, so I thought, and that damned jewel-case had kept me nicely employed while the police were ranging up outside. Some day, when I came out of quod, Glynn was going to eat dust for this. My God, if he 'd shown himself at that moment, police or no police, I 'd have split his head open!

"I chucked down the revolver and went into the hall, half-expecting to find him, or anyhow, a handful of police. There was no one there, so I figured they were waiting outside. The girl, if you please, had started on the tack of wanting to help me, and would I take an honest job if one were offered? I guess I didn't quite appreciate the attitude just then. She said if I liked to leave all my things and hop it she 'd give her word of honour I could go scot free. *Honour*, Sandy! I was just sampling Glynn's idea of honour, and I said 'Honour? Hell!' *That* went home. The blooming revolver hadn't made her turn a hair.

"I might have got those jewels yet. I 'd just begun to wonder if it *was* all bluff. She was holding the revolver, but not like anyone who has ever held a revolver before. I figured a quick knock-out blow would settle it, but then I heard someone opening the front door. 'Now for it,' thought I, but there came in not the cops but the servants.

"Well, she didn't give me away, Sandy. I saw her slip the revolver behind her. She saw me out of the door as if I were some swell visitor. Came up to shake hands! It was the first time she 'd come anything like close to me, and I must say she was deuced good-looking. Pity to have broken her jaw. My word, she 'd got on a queer evening dress. Precious little of it. She was so slim I could have snapped her in two. Funny to be brought to heel by anything as frail as that! At the door she had the cheek to remind me of her offer, if I wanted help. But to call next time when she was at home."

At this juncture Sandy slapped his knee.

"She asked you to return? Gawd's truth! Why didn't you tell her that you 'd got a few pals who 'd be glad of an introduction?"

"Well, I 'm not giving any introductions." This was said with sudden ferocity. "If ever the fellows get on to the track of those pearls I 'll show them all up, even if I have to do a stretch myself. You can tell them that."

"Where were the cops?"

"They weren't there. I needn't have bolted down the stairs. What 's more, never a line appeared in the papers. But I 'll tell you what *was* in the papers not long after. An engagement between a Mr. Andrew McAllister and—I won't tell you the name of the girl, but it was the name that was on the top of that jewel-case that took so long to open. The evening papers announced it as a 'hospital romance,' because it appeared that Mr. McAllister was still in hospital suffering from injuries received in a motor accident on the night of January 23rd when he was on the way to some big carnival. Now that was the night of my little show, as I well know, and there 's no doubt that the motor accident accounted for the girl coming home instead of being at the carnival.

"You see, it wasn't a trap at all. Glynn wasn't responsible. Do you realise that I was alone with that girl in her flat, was holding a loaded revolver in my hand, and all that jewellery was lying open in the safe, and that I came away empty-handed and without my tools?"

"Might have come away in a prison van, too, if she hadn't been so generous. Why didn't she hand you over when the servants came in?"

"Blessed if I know, unless she didn't like going back on her word. Seems odd, but I 've never found any other reason."

"More likely she was crazy in love."

"Maybe. All the more reason I should do what I did. I 'd still got that key. I sent it to her with a message. I wrote 'Thanks,' and then put the date of January 23rd. She 'd remember, same as I had. Then I cleared out of England and have been living as straight as anyone blooming well can on this earth. I envy you chaps back over there, but I 'm not coming back."

Sandy looked long and earnestly at his friend.

"That giving the key back wasn't so bad. It looked well, and anyhow, they 'd have thrown another handful of locks on all the doors. But why chuck up a good living? Why waste all your talents?"

"I don't know, Sandy. I gave the matter pretty serious thought. There 's none so honest as an honest thief, but our profession breeds a kind of double-faced waster like Glynn Webber, and there 's no half-measures in the games they play. I must have lost about £2000 in all to Glynn on that occasion, but he didn't make anything out of it, either.

"That Mr. McAllister that the girl was engaged to died of his injuries after all. I saw it in the paper, and there was a picture of him, too, a smart-looking fellow in a top-hat. And the face grinning at me from under that hat was Glynn Webber's. See?"

THE END.

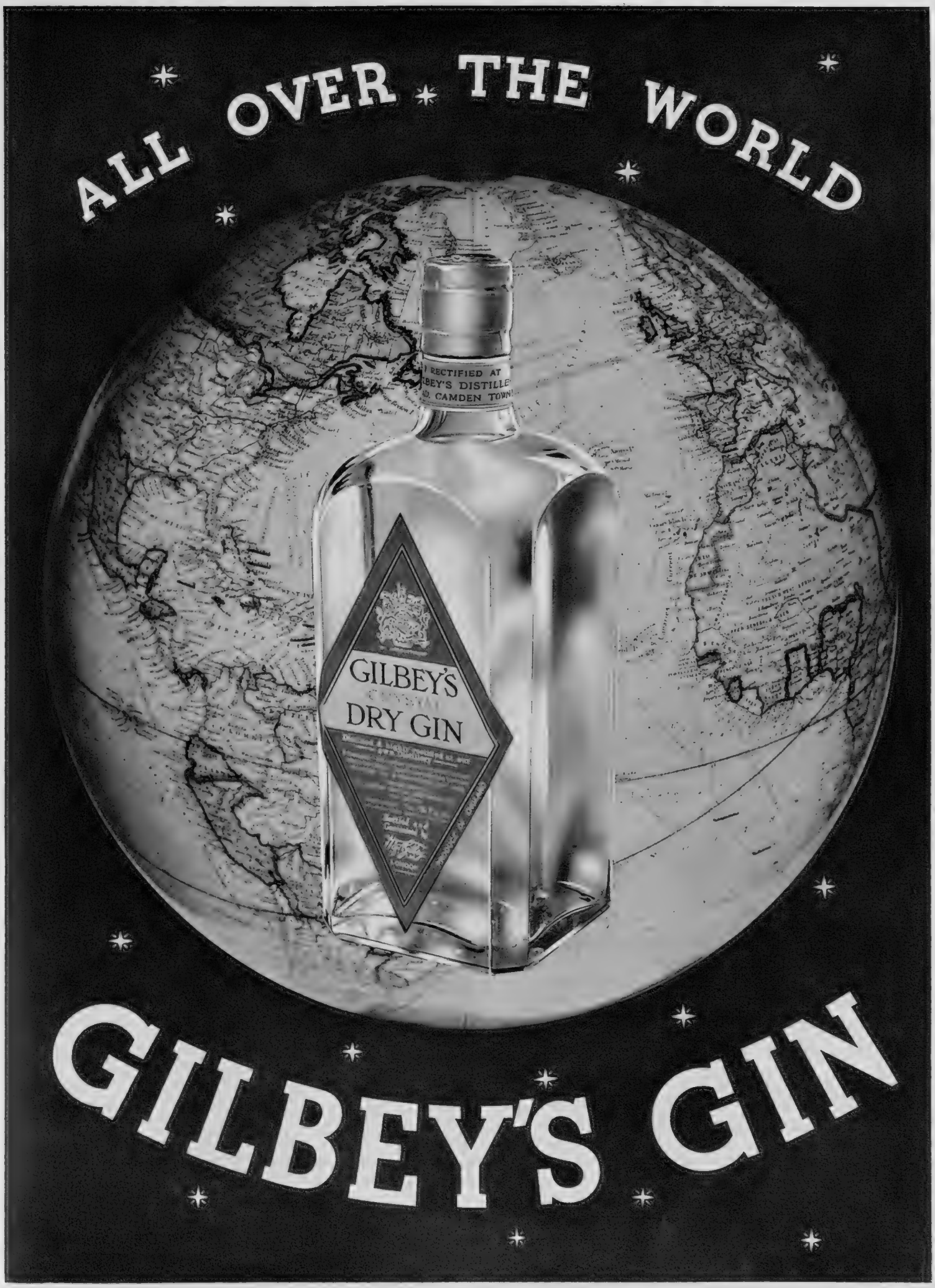
In Town Last Night

BRITISH CELANESE LIMITED · CELANESE HOUSE W.1.

New undies in the newest fabrics — soft glimmering 'Celanese' Crepe Satin and dull rich 'Celanese' Crepe-de-Chine. Tailored, exquisite, adorable. They will make a very lovely Christmas present.

DRAWN BY CLARK FAY

Through the murky fog there gleams
Old-time chivalry, and old-time dreams


ALL OVER THE WORLD
RECTIFIED AT
CAMDEN TOWN
GILBEY'S
DRY GIN
GILBEY'S GIN

"Mine Host" From the Camera Study by John Everard

THE BURBERRY

Weatherproof

THE BURBERRY is the one weatherproof topcoat everyone ought to possess, because it is so well-made, of such rich quality, and worth all and more than its cost.

The services it renders are incomparable. Its life is long and it keeps its class distinction to the end of its days.

None of that ragged, wrinkled, creased and disreputable appearance which all the many imitations immediately display.

By the way, these imitations are said to be the sincerest form of flattery, but they do not flatter The Burberry, they definitely assert The Burberry to be by far and away The World's Best Weatherproof. They genuinely praise The Burberry.

Those who wear The Burberry never wish to try substitutes and if appearance and worth count for anything, *there is only one coat* which everyone should get —THE BURBERRY.

The Burberry is made in varieties of materials for all field-sports as well as hunting and riding, motoring and 'planing and many models for men's, women's and children's town and evening fashions.

THE DUAL BURBERRY
—*Two Coats in One*

Reverse the outside to the inside, or reverse the inside to the outside to suit the kind of day. On the one side you have the overcoat. On the other side you have the weatherproof, and whether overcoat or weatherproof, each looks and fulfils its part.

The Dual Burberry is the overcoat for warmth, comfort and appearance, as well as for weather under the worst conditions. As healthful as an unproofed coat. More protective than an oilskin.

On Request . . . Illustrations, patterns and prices on mention of "The Bystander."

BURBERRYS

HAYMARKET, LONDON S.W.1

LTD. PARIS · NEW YORK · BUENOS AIRES

The Bride *(Continued from page 60)*

She laughed bitterly in the one-and-sixpenny seat. Poor fool of a bride! She might have seen all this coming; but she 'd no insight into human nature—that was her trouble. She didn't realise you had to be hard and calculating to make a success of marriage. You had to play parts and stay out all night in loathsome cinemas, with people sucking peppermints and rustling chocolate-paper all round you.

She kept one eye on the clock and one on the picture. They would have finished dinner long ago. Iris would be lying, all languid and expensive, on the couch, ensnaring Ronny and laughing softly up her sleeveless arm.

On the screen the bride was defending the legitimacy of her child in a court of law—the child having miraculously become eight years of age, with horrible curls, a velvet suit, and an Ohio accent. The bootlegger was dragged in and told to stand side-by-side with little Carlton, Junior, while the husband glared from the dock and the wife shed silent, glycerine tears.

Men were all alike; if you had illegitimate children they divorced you; and if you didn't they looked down on you and went back to their ex-mistresses; whatever you did was wrong, once you were a bride.

She missed the end of the picture by watching the clock. There was a full-sized picture of the King in naval uniform spread across the screen when she looked back, and a sudden blaring of the National Anthem. She stood up, then straggled out between hot lovers.

It was too early to go home: the Embankment was the only place left.

The seats were empty and the pavement spattered here and there with dirty paper and match-boxes and orange-peel. The lights on the boats twinkled knowingly, and the water lapped with a gruesome regularity up against the sides of the Embankment.

A policeman eyed her as she passed; probably he took her for a prostitute. She almost wished she were; it would be better than walking aimlessly about, feeling wretched, and waiting for a husband to get back first before you could go into your own home.

A man with a slouch hat and shabby tweed coat was by her side; she hardly noticed him till he took off his hat and said "Good-evening. Nice night for a stroll." But when he spoke she suddenly took fright and increased her pace. He increased his; she could hear his squeaky shoes just behind her, and she longed for the protection of the policeman who had taken her for a prostitute.

"What 's the hurry? Nothing to be frightened of." He spoke again, this time very near her ear; a horrible voice—jeering and low. She started to run, and as she rounded a corner she heard him laugh and almost felt him shrug his shoulders as he gave up the chase.

Her hands shook so violently it was difficult to fit the key in the lock.

Her own room was empty. Ronny must have gone to his own.

Gently she padded along the passage and opened his door. It was dark. She switched on the light. He was in bed—one arm above his head, the other dangling by the side of the covers. He was asleep. As he slept he snored. Unable to believe her eyes, she stared, fascinated; and as she stared a sudden wild desire to kill him stole over her indignant soul. To kill him; to finish with him for ever; to blot out that infuriating, careless body. She moved a little nearer—slowly she stretched out her hands and held them above his throat. But, as though sensing something in his sleep, he turned and grunted. As he moved she dropped her hands, and filled with the horror of what she was doing, she fled.

In her own bed she tossed and pulled at the pillow. Suppose she had really killed him? Suppose some uncontrollable power had urged her fingers on? Suppose they had really clutched his throat and dug deeper and deeper, tighter and tighter, till all life had gone? His eyes would have popped out. He 'd have made horrible gurgling noises in his throat; his head would have flopped over like a giant sunflower too heavy for its stalk. Oh, it was awful—awful! There would have been an inquest—there always was when people died unnatural deaths. She would have had to attend in a black veil, like one of those frightful French widows you saw in Calais when the boat berthed. A weeping, red-eyed murderess in the box, surrounded by reporters. A month-old bride who had killed her bridegroom with her own fingers.

Then, if they had acquitted her, she would have been a widow, an English one, a lonely, horrible English widow whom no one would ever marry. Lonely and miserable for ever, with that picture of him in bed as she last saw him always in her mind. The coffin; his mother; the hearse; the gaol; and the Black Maria. She could see it all. Oh, it was horrible—horrible! . . .

Miserable, furious, worn out, she slept.

But Ronny was alive and jubilant in the morning. He sat on the edge of her bed, pulled her hair, and told of the wonderful deal he had brought off the night before.

"And what 's more, we can have a cottage now, darling, and you shall choose it. Aren't I clever? And aren't you glad you married me instead of that pimply-faced Dick Rawlings? Harold was sorry you didn't come, but you would have been bored with business, and Iris wasn't there, after all."

He peered at her over the top of the sheets and kissed her nose. Soon she heard him splashing in the bath; the gurgle of the water draining, and his voice singing some silly music-hall song.

* * * *

How nice of him to think of a cottage! She had always wanted a cottage. A white one with a green door and green shutters; a cottage path leading up to the door between herbaceous borders, and a white gate they would paint themselves. She lay ruminating on the garden, a summer-house, and perhaps a bird-bath.

It would have been nice to stay in bed all the morning and make plans and think out the furniture, but she suddenly remembered that Ronny's mother was coming to lunch and there wasn't any barley-water.

Absurd to want barley-water; no one else did; except weedy children; it was typical of Ronny's mother to want something no one ever had. She laughed as she thought of the rows there had been over that barley-water; silly, silly rows in the silly, silly past. Now she should have as much of it as she wanted—pints of it, gallons of it, and some put aside in a little bottle to take home if she wanted to. She could have anything, anything, but she wouldn't be asked to the cottage! Anyway, not at first.

She scrambled out of bed, and, with thoughts of the cottage still ripe in her mind, called down for the cook to come up for orders.

THE END

"By gad, Hetty, this is too good for Willy!"

Ian Fenwick, who is responsible for the above reflection on British parenthood, is an artist whose work is well known to Bystander *readers. He has made a collection of many of his best drawings, which now appear in volume form under the title "The Bed-Book." The publishers are Philip Allan and Co., Ltd., and the price is six shillings net, and worth every penny of it*

FOUND CORRECT

Correctness in dress clothes is a matter of detail—but correctness is no detail. A shirt front must be the correct depth in relation to the waistcoat. The length of the waistcoat must be exactly correct in relation to the trousers and dress coat. The collar must be the right shape and must fit the shirt to a fraction of an inch. The tie must fit the collar and be the correct shape. Studs, links and waistcoat buttons must harmonise. It is troublesome—but we have taken the trouble. The result is at your service.

This new marcella waistcoat is made in three depths to every size, with square cut lapels, stiffeners in the points and black elastic waistband. Price 16/6

AUSTIN REED

OF REGENT STREET

24 Coventry Street, W.1	1 Kingsway, W.C.2	157a Cheapside, E.C.2
33 Oxford Street, W.1	189 Strand, W.C.2	Salisbury House, London Wall, E.C.2
135 Victoria Street, S.W.1	13 Fenchurch Street, E.C.3	5 St. Mary Axe, E.C.3
124 High Holborn, W.C.1	77 Cheapside, E.C.2	22 Walbrook, E.C.4

Glasgow · Birmingham · Manchester · Liverpool · Leeds · Sheffield · Belfast · Bristol Norwich · Oxford

AUSTIN REED LTD. LONDON P.1285D

JUNE IN JANUARY

let Union-Castle take you on a glorious SUNSHINE TOUR

★ SOUTH AFRICA

By Mail vessels sailing from Southampton November 29, December 13 and 27, 1935, and January 10, 1936

REDUCED RETURN FARES TO CAPETOWN

£90 FIRST CLASS £60 SECOND CLASS £30 TOURIST CLASS

FARES TO OTHER SOUTH AFRICAN PORTS ON APPLICATION.

★ TOURS ROUND AFRICA

December 28, 1935, and January 3, 1936. Fares for round voyage

£105 FIRST CLASS £50 TOURIST CLASS

★ MADEIRA FOR CHRISTMAS

Special Tours on December 13 and 20, 1935 £20 FIRST CLASS RETURN

Write for illustrated folders:—

HEAD OFFICE: 3, FENCHURCH STREET, LONDON, E.C.3.

WEST END AGENCY: 125, PALL MALL, S.W.1, OR LOCAL AGENTS.

CVS-13

Old Mac's Almanac *(Continued from page 9)*

Sharke, the financier, will be among the guests. Birds will be plentiful, and there may also be some grouse. Mr. John Buchan having changed his name on his appointment to the Governor-Generalship of Canada, there will be no more Buchan's Cold Spells in August, but just the usual ordinary cold spells.

" Beachcomber " will make a joke about lady novelists, and the P.E.N. Club will pass a formal resolution of protest. " Beachcomber " will then make a joke about that, and will go to the Pyrenees for his annual six months' holiday. The Pyrenees will lay in an extra supply of wine.

September

THE Pyrenees will lay in an extra stock of wine. Germany will offer a ratio in paddle-boats of 28 to 69, on condition that Poland achieves parity with Rumania in artillery horse-shoes, final agreement to be dependent on the percentage of billiards-tables for use in military canteens that Switzerland is allotted having regard to the legitimate requirements of Lithuania. The whole matter will be referred to the Council of the League, with a request that it be treated as urgent and that a report should be submitted to the High Contracting Powers, the Low Contracting Powers, Colonel Walter Buller, C.B.E., and the Board of the Suez Canal Company before 1941 at the earliest. The French Government will regard the démarche as a breach of the Peebles conversations, and will, in consequence, reserve the right to build battleships up to 50,000 tons.

Senator Tuscaloosa of Oklahoma will move a resolution that the United States do not lend any money to France for this purpose. The resolution will be carried. Graft pippins. Stake crabs. Take cuttings of aspidistra. Sir James Jeans will enlarge the Universe at the Royal Institution, thereby enabling Sir Arthur Keith to increase the length of the period of Immortality to be enjoyed by the Soul at the British Association. Quarter Day. Equinox. A funny article will appear in *Punch*. Mr. J. H. Thomas will announce his conversion from quotas to tariffs and vice-versa.

October

POETS sharpen pencils and coin such phrases as " wealth of autumn tints," " blaze of colour," and " Indian summer." Conversationalists, on the other hand, invent epigrams such as " The days are drawing in," and " I think autumn is such a season of melancholy, my dear," and " Well, well, winter will soon be upon us."

Debutantes who have somehow missed out, return to London for a final shot before the new wave rolls up on the beaches of Mayfair. Shepherd Market will be crowded. Pheasants join oysters in deploring the advance of the year. The British Drama will die its annual death in the newspapers, and all the theatres will be crowded. Mr. J. B. Priestley will say something rude about America, and his name will be expunged from the honorary membership rolls of all the Browning Societies in Omaha, Nebraska.

Hollywood will cable to Mr. W. Scott, c/o Constable's, London, Eng., asking if *Waverley* is his first novel, and if not, what else he has written. Mr. J. H. Thomas will announce his conversion from tariffs to quotas and vice-versa. Mr. Elliot will announce something or other. Mr. Baldwin will explore the same avenue as before, but this time from the other end. The result will be a rise in aircraft shares. Or a fall. One or the other.

November

THE rain of Christmas books in full spate. Sixteen reviewers will go mad under the strain of trying to find an adjective higher than " supreme." Miss Italia Conti announces the production of *Where the Rainbow Ends*, thus proving conclusively that it doesn't. " The Bystanders " insult a provincial Clerk of Quarter Sessions and have to apologise. All that is brightest and best in English private life departs to the Riviera, and Mr. G. B. Shaw swims from Brioni to Madeira. He does it, he explains to three thousand Press-men, for his dog Ponto.

London will suffer from fog during November, and there will be days on which it will be impossible to see Epsom grand-stand from any single studio in Chelsea. It will, unfortunately, always be possible to see Bloomsbury from almost anywhere, especially from Bloomsbury, and the Book Society will be able to detect masterpieces even in the thickest fog, whether physical or mental. The streets will be full of slush, and so will the cinemas.

Thin broccoli. Mulch kale. Dibble between rows of grilse.

Fox-hunting begins, and solicitors', notaries', proctors', and sworn clerks' certificates expire.

Ramadan begins.

December

MONTH dedicated to St. Peter Pantomime. Climax of jollity reached when the bills begin to come in. Christmas will be celebrated, as usual, with the remark, " We only do it for the children, you know."

On Boxing Day all the children are sick, hence the expression, " Merry Christmas." On the last evening of the year, a million Englishmen will flock to St. Paul's to watch the Scotsmen bringing in the New Year, and thus our cycle is completed and another year has been put to bed.

Ave atque vale! The blessings of an old astrologer be upon you all.

THE END

The Thirteenth Carol-Singer *(Continued from page 49)*

" I 'm sorry, sir," he stammered. " I didn't mean to disturb you. It was the carol-singers; they came round to me after they came to you. How many were there, sir ? "

The question was put in a hoarse whisper, and I was taken aback.

" Why," I said, " I know very well there were only twelve of them, but I 'm bound to admit that once or twice I thought there were thirteen."

My visitor simply nodded his head, and replied in an undertone, as if speaking to himself, " Yes; that 's right, thirteen."

I waited for a little, to give Seth Morgan a chance to recover, and then, being by this time thoroughly exasperated, asked him what the devil he meant by knocking me up at this time of night. He looked up at me with the face of a hunted animal, and was about to reply, when there came an unexpected interruption.

Somebody, or something, was fumbling at the window catch, trying to get in. Seth gave a yell of terror, and I strode rapidly across to the window, thinking some idiot must be playing a practical joke. I pushed the window open, and then reeled back into the room; horrified, shocked beyond measure. Outside the window I had seen a face—deathly white, almost green in its pallor. It had lank black hair drooped across the forehead, dripping wet and tangled with water-weed. I could not recognise the face, but instinctively I felt that the creature, whatever it was, was beckoning. I slammed the window to, pulled the curtain across it, and turned to Seth Morgan.

" For God's sake," I said, " what does this mean ? "

Seth Morgan, Parish Councillor, churchwarden, and " Parson's right-hand man," had risen to his feet, and in his eyes was a strange light.

" We 'll follow him, if you don't mind, sir," he said humbly. " He wants us to follow him."

I went upstairs and hurriedly threw on some clothes. Then, armed with an electric torch, and driving Morgan before me, I went out of the house. The night was inky black, and I could see nothing, but my companion was luckier than I. He could see something—somebody—waiting outside for us, and he never hesitated. I followed, panting, in his wake as he led me across the Downs, and when we came at last within sight of the copse enclosing the well, I understood.

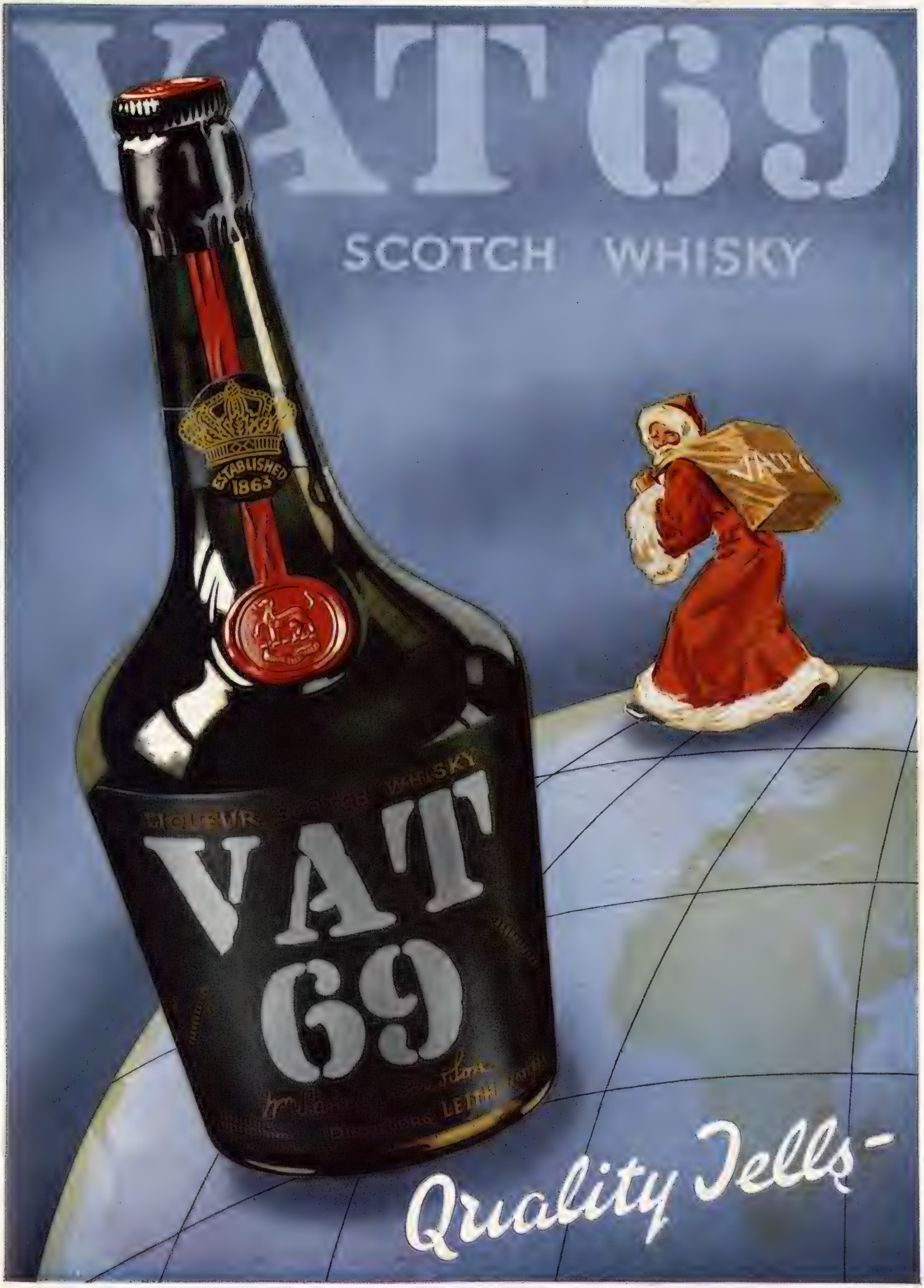
" He 's gone in there," said Morgan. " It 's no good going any further."

" That 's all right," I answered. " Come back home with me, and you can tell me all about it. I suppose it was the girl ? "

At about ten o'clock on the morning of Christmas Day I accompanied the village policeman and a couple of farm hands to the copse on the Downs. We carried with us a coil of stout rope, and the policeman, greatly daring, suffered himself to be lowered into the old well. At the bottom, half-in, half-out of the slime-encrusted water, he found the body of Martin Armstrong. The throat had been cut from ear to ear.

Dick Hodges, Martin's rival in love and suspected murderer, turned up in the village the day after Seth Morgan committed suicide. He had been up in London, looking for a job, and knew nothing of the murder. Seth Morgan hanged himself in a disused barn, but he left behind him a full confession, which made everything clear. What was not quite clear, however, to anybody else but me, was the meaning of this passage in the confession : " I can bear it no longer. The carol-singing was bad at first, but now it 's all night long and every night. As I write these words I can hear him singing in the well."

THE END


VAT 69
SCOTCH WHISKY
ESTABLISHED 1863
VAT 69
Quality Tells-

The Stuff that good Christmases are made of!
Mackintosh's
'Carnival'
Assortment de Luxe

That Awful Creature *(Continued from page 34)*

her of horses and meets, of bullfinches and oxers, of earths and spinneys, until she was giddy with the effort to look interested.

Late in the evening, Mrs. Wilson gravitated towards her hostess.

"Time for bye-byes, isn't it?" she said. "So tiring, the social life, I always think—especially for us old ones." She winked at Lady Hackington, who managed to smile, and said:

"A night-cap before you go?"

"Not for me," replied Mrs. Wilson, looking meaningly at Lady Hackington's whisky-and-soda. "I dare say you need it to keep your spirits up, after so much sorrow in your life."

"Sorrow?" Lady Hackington was amazed. "I've had a damned good life so far."

Mrs. Wilson lowered her voice confidentially. "Your divorces, I meant. It must have been a nasty business—very sad for you. However," she added brightly, "I dare say there are faults on both sides. One never knows."

"Breakfast in bed?" said Lady Hackington, very firmly.

"Thank you, no. I'm one of the early birds."

"Bad luck," said Lady Hackington. "Breakfast is at ten. You'd better ring for yours when you feel like it."

"I shouldn't dream of it," replied Mrs. Wilson with dignity. "*Good*-night."

". . . and swep' out," said Lady Hackington, when the door had closed safely behind her guests. She dropped into a chair. "My God, Frank, what a woman!"

"I know," said Frank apologetically. "She's worse than I remembered. But you do like Aline?"

"Of course—anyone would. But that awful creature——!"

Upstairs, Mrs. Wilson was loosening her stays, with grunts of relief.

"It's a nice place, dearie, and they do things well, I must say," she remarked to her daughter. "Frank's very polite and hospitable. But his mother——"

Aline said wearily, "I rather like her, I think."

"*Like* her!" Mrs. Wilson snorted. "That awful creature!"

When Aline went to her own room, she met Frank at the top of the stairs. He beckoned to her.

"Come down to the library for a minute," he whispered. "I haven't had a word with you yet. Everyone's gone to bed."

It seemed to Frank that Aline was cross, and on the defensive. In the library she frowned at him and said:

"Frank, I think this visit was a mistake."

"But darling, I wanted to see you so much, and we hadn't met for a week."

"I know. But it was more fun when you came to Bournemouth."

"Was it?" Frank remembered the aspidistras and the over-eating and the constant supervision of Mrs. Wilson. "I think it's more fun here."

"I don't." Aline was definite. "Your mother's friends——"

"If it comes to that, my mother's friends do amuse her. Your mother never left us alone for a minute. Of course, if you want to spend the entire time at concerts in palm lounges——"

"I'd as soon do that as listen to people arguing about horses."

"I wouldn't. I loathe Bournemouth, as a matter of fact."

"Not more than I loathe Leicestershire."

"Damn it, you've only been in the place a few hours!"

"Well, you only spent a week-end at Bournemouth."

Frank groaned. "Darling, this is too silly—we're quarrelling about nothing. We're not going to spend our lives in either Leicestershire or Bournemouth."

"So long as I don't have to endure any more of these parties——"

"You won't. And will you let me off stodging and strolling in South Coast resorts?"

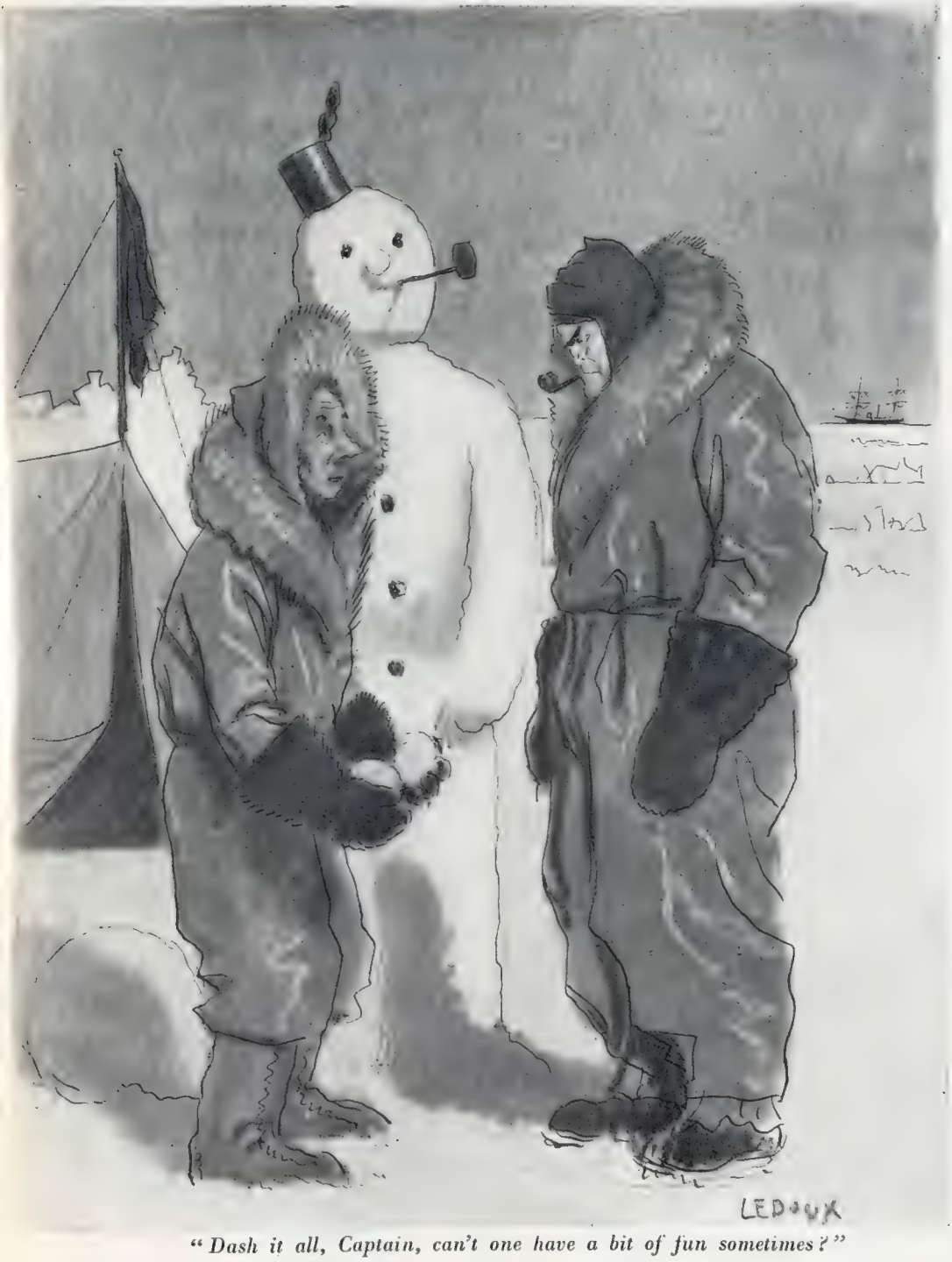
Aline sighed. "I don't really share mother's mania for Bournemouth hotel-life, Frank."

"And I don't share my mother's passion for the racket here. But I'm even less in my element at Bournemouth."

"Well, mother and I aren't exactly at home in this atmosphere. I wouldn't mind so much for myself, but mother——"

"Suppose," said Frank, patiently, "that we leave our parents out of this? We've

(Concluded on page ii)



"Dash it all, Captain, can't one have a bit of fun sometimes?"

That Awful Creature *(Continued from page i)*

done all the necessary family civilities, now that I 've stayed with you and you 've stayed here. Let 's concentrate on spending the future out of reach of further complications. Where shall we live when we 're married, my sweet ? "

" It will have to be somewhere a very long way away."

" As far as possible," said Frank fervently. " I think we 'd better live in Majorca. It 's very lovely, and incredibly remote."

Aline brightened. " That might be fun, Frank. It would be out of range of house-parties in Leicestershire."

" ——and family parties in Bournemouth. That 's settled, then. Now, shall we make up this quarrel, darling ? " They made it up.

THE END

Through Glass, Darkly *(Continued from page 53)*

path to the front door. Up the steps. There 's the front door-bell. Just at the very moment when the police were in the house. There 's the maid : the fool has let the man in. And Tom all the time making things worse and worse with his silly, useless lies ; all about the servants and Mr. Ogilvie and the cinema . . .

Something seemed to crack inside Alec Farley : he *must* get it over and done with.

" Oh, hell, Tom, it 's no good ! Tell him the truth. Tell him we did it—*you* did it. There 's a man—a tramp. He saw me—in this—window last night——"

There was a commotion in the room ; both Tom and the Inspector hastened to attend to Alec, fallen full-length on the well-worn carpet. But the Inspector had heard, and Tom knew that the Inspector had heard what Alec had said ; and the Inspector had no intention of allowing Tom Farley to have the first word with his cousin when he came to. He opened the door and called sharply to the constable in the hall.

Through the open door the maid saw Mr. Alec lying flat on the carpet, and concluded that there had been another murder, and began to scream and gave no further thought to old Crocker.

The constable, " jumping to it," also forgot his interested amusement at Crocker's impudence.

The old blind beggar stood in the narrow hall, wondering what all the to-do was about, and whether, after all, he had chosen the wrong moment for an appeal to Captain Tom's generosity.

THE END

My Aunt Tries Television

(Continued from page 57)

very next time that Longfellow appeared on her screen, *she* interrupted *him*.

" Tell me, Longfellow," she demanded, " why shouldn't we gardeners grow aubretia reptens and the common selaginella if we want to ? "

At this Longfellow looked very sulky. Then he shrugged his shoulders in a vague way.

" No rhymes," he muttered. " No rhymes at all."

" I see," snapped my aunt, simply furious at this trickery. " And what about those roses ? "

" Oh, roses make it easier, you know," he admitted grudgingly. " I mean : rose, pose, knows, snows, hose, shows, foes, owes, toes."

" You 've forgotten ' goes,' Longfellow," said my aunt grimly. " From the active verb ' to go,' you know."

And, rising haughtily to her feet, she twiddled a little knob marked " Switch " and instantly the poet Longfellow " went."

* * *

Well, those are just a few of the many extraordinary experiences which have befallen my aunt, Mrs. Molesworthy, while experimenting with the television set presented to her by her fellow-members of the Brighter Broadcasting Club (Kensington Branch).

Nothing remains for me to add, except to wish you all a very happy Christmas and the best of luck under the mistletoe.

THE END

The Latest

DE LUXE FORD

(£7 10s. Tax)

De Luxe Ford Double-Entrance Saloon, **£145,** *at Works*

The Latest DE LUXE FORD (£7 10s. Tax) sets this model more emphatically than ever at the head of the luxury light-car class, in comfort-provision, generous head-room and nicety of equipment. Improved seating-accommodation, full driving-visibility, synchronised gear-changing, finger-light steering, adequate, noiseless brakes, phenomenally efficient springing, restful, deeply-sprung upholstery, complete and high-grade fittings internally, and liberal under-cover luggage-space. Its streamlined bodywork is resplendent in the latest of weather-proof finish, and its performance is as notable as its economy of running and maintenance. The Local Ford Dealer will gladly demonstrate its competence to satsify your every requirement, over a route of your own selection, today. Literature on request: Dealers everywhere.

"THERE IS NO COMPARISON!"

FORD MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED, DAGENHAM, ESSEX. LONDON SHOWROOMS: 88 REGENT STREET, W.1

Bedtime Story

(Continued from page 45)

Moreover, the captain, after prolonged potations, had turned out to be nothing but a debt-ridden spendthrift with no prospects, living on his pay. She was now determined to save her betrothed, who at least had money put by. While the captain snored she stole cautiously out towards the village church. "Curfew," she said between her teeth as she ran, "*shall not* ring to-night!" It was nearly curfew-time. Hastily she darted up the belfry steps. Reaching the top, she took one desperate leap and clung to the bell-clapper. She had hardly been in this cramped position ten minutes before she heard the shuffling of the village sexton, old George Grummitt, on the floor below. She leaned down and cried out shrilly:

"Curfew shall not ring to-night!"

"*Eh?*" quavered the aged man.

"CURFEW," she screamed, "shall NOT RING TO-NIGHT!"

She ultimately had to swing herself down and roar it into his ear, letter by letter. He did not understand. His aged head shook. She leaped up to the bell-clapper again and clung hard. Meanwhile at the other end of the village a jovial party of troopers stood at ease, smoking and chaffing, waiting to hang William Buncombe from a tall tree at the first stroke of curfew. Most of the villagers had gathered round, anxious not to miss any fun that was going. Among them was Mr. Buncombe's Aunt Keziah, who got off her sick-bed and hobbled down specially, champing her toothless gums in pleased anticipation.

But there came no stroke of curfew. The corporal in charge looked at his watch. It was nine o'clock. He scratched his head and spat.

"No ruddy bell to-night, boys. Old Grummitt must be bottled."

The villagers laughed loudly.

"Bit odd," mused the corporal. He looked at his watch again. "Oh, well . . . Hangin' party, *'shun!* (Give that there rope another hitch, Potter). *Steady!* Now, when I gives the word . . ."

They then hanged honest William Buncombe, and thus it happened that Ethel Givins, clinging with chattering teeth to the bell-clapper till nearly 10.15 p.m., caught a severe cold for nothing; but it turned out to be all for the best, since William Buncombe was in every way unsuitable and they would have had very little in common. And although Ethel felt rather silly for a long time at having hung on to the bell for nothing, she invariably passed it off as a good joke when her secret became known, and soon afterwards married a sailor named Bully Jack Phipps, among others.

"*Lousy,*" *said Pamela, yawning, as Auntie Joy paused.*

"*The old haybag's nuts,*" *muttered little Henry, sending a shoe whizzing past his Aunt's right ear.*

"*Is that the end?*" *asked Roger, contemptuously, testing his new jack-knife on the edge of the table.*

"*It is not, you rat,*" *snapped Auntie Joy.*

"*Oh, damn!*" *sighed little Sally.*

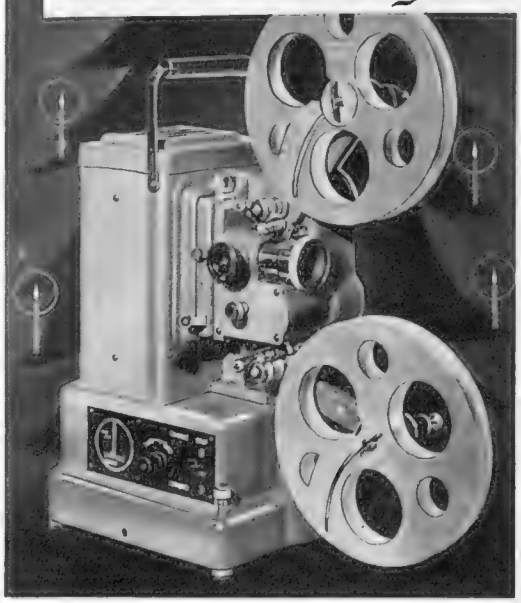
"*The end,*" *said Auntie Joy,* "*is that the bell couldn't have rung anyway, old George Grummitt having wrapped three pairs of old trousers round the outside that very evening by order of the Vicar's wife, whose gardener handsome William Buncombe was. And that,*" *said Auntie Joy, rising,* "*if it was sucks to Ethel Givins, is certainly double sucks-boo to you, you spawn of Belial.*"

Ducking swiftly, she dodged out of the door just in time. With a sigh the children returned to their toys.

THE END.

"*Keep straight ahead, Mary. Let him get out of the way this time.*"

Give Three Gifts in One!



GIVE A PAILLARD-BOLEX CINE PROJECTOR

THE ONLY MACHINE THAT PROJECTS THREE SIZES OF FILM

8 mm. 9.5 mm. and 16 mm.

WHETHER you're wanting a cine projector for your own Xmas Stocking or for somebody else's, this machine, taking three sizes of film, is obviously your best choice, because it's really THREE projectors rolled into one! This means that choice of films can be made from FILM LIBRARIES IN THREE SIZES—more scope—more fun—more up-to-date!

Don't purchase a projector until you have found out all about the many advantages of the Paillard-Bolex.

Model G.3 for 8 mm., 9.5 mm. and 16 mm. films **£60** Model G.196 for 9.5 mm. and 16 mm. films **£47**

PAILLARD-BOLEX MODEL G.3 PROJECTOR

From all Progressive Photographic Dealers

Write for particulars to:—CINEX LTD., 70, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.1.

"THE FLYING STANDARD"

Streamlined

for speed and beauty

'FLYING STANDARD' 12 H.P. - - - £259

'FLYING STANDARD' 16 H.P. (illustrated) - £299

'FLYING STANDARD' 20 H.P. - - - £315

All prices ex works
Dunlop Tyres
Triplex Toughened Glass

BUY A CAR MADE IN THE UNITED KINGDOM

For a trial run, literature and full particulars, apply to

'STANDARD CARS,' 37 DAVIES ST., GROSVENOR SQ., LONDON, W.1.
Telephone Mayfair 5011

Works:—THE STANDARD MOTOR CO. LTD., CANLEY, COVENTRY

THE Flying STANDARD

BRITISH BUILT . . . FOR MOTORISTS WHO PUT QUALITY FIRST

A Slice of Bad Luck *(Continued from page 15)*

"Yes; we've kept 'em in the dining-room. But what the——?"

Nigel ran into the dining-room, Bateman at his heels. He looked out of one of the windows, open at the top.

"What's down below there?" he asked the maître d'hôtel.

"A yard, sir; the kitchen windows look out on it."

"And now, where was Sir Eldred Travers sitting?"

The man pointed to the place without hesitation, his imperturbable face betraying not the least surprise.

"Right; will you go and ask him to step this way for a minute. Oh, by the way," he added, as the maître d'hôtel reached the door, "*where are your gloves?*"

The man's eyes flickered. "My gloves, sir?"

"Yes; before the lights went out you were wearing white gloves; after they went up again, I remembered it just now, you were not wearing them. Are they in the yard, by any chance?"

The man shot a desperate glance around him; then the bland composure of his face broke up. He collapsed, sobbing, into a chair.

"My daughter—he ruined her—she killed herself. When the lights went out, it was too much for me—the opportunity. He deserved it. I'm not sorry."

"Yes," said Nigel, ten minutes later, "it was too much for him. He picked up the first weapon to hand. Afterwards, knowing every, one would be searched, he had to throw the gloves out of the window. There would be blood on them. With luck, we mightn't have looked in the yard before he could get out to remove them. And, unless one was looking, one wouldn't see them against the snow. They were white."

"What was that about Sir Eldred Travers?" asked the Superintendent.

"Oh, I wanted to put him off his guard, and to get him away from the window. He might have tried to follow his gloves."

"Well, that fish-slice might have been a slice of bad luck for young Dale if you hadn't been here," said the Superintendent, venturing on a witticism. "What are you grinning away to yourself about?"

"I was just thinking, this must be the first time a Judge has been present at a murder."

THE END.

"Coo-ee, come and find auntie!"

THE LIQUEUR OF OLD ROMANCE

Was brought to Scotland by a follower of Prince Charlie in 1745. The recipe was given to a Mackinnon of Skye, and the secret has ever since remained in one family. Originally obtainable only in Skye, it has now been made procurable at home and abroad from all First Class Establishments.

Packed in Tartan Boxes, ready to post, it makes an ideal and unique Christmas Gift.

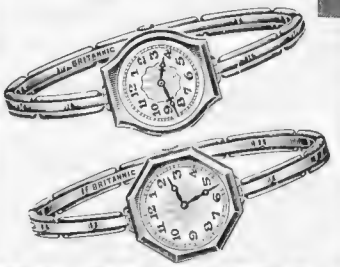
Drambuie

LIQUEUR CO., LTD.

8 & 9 UNION STREET, EDINBURGH

"This is the best gift..."

A lasting, dependable possession—a fine example of British craftsmanship—guaranteed by the makers for five years' constant wear, during which time they will renew the springs, should such an unlikely need arise, free of charge through any jeweller.



Made in various widths to suit all tastes, with hooks to replace straps or complete with watches in many styles from **£4 15 0.** Avoid imitations. See the name "Britannic" is engraved inside the bracelet. Write for illustrated list or on subject of guarantee to: B.C.M./Britannic 4, London

BRITANNIC

Expanding Watch Bracelet

This Christmas Give Silver King GOLF BALLS

THREES AT 3/- and 6/- per box
SIXES AT 6/- 9/- and 12/- per box
TWELVES AT 12/- 18/- and 24/- per box

See the gay Xmas boxes at Stores, Sports Dealers and Professionals.

THE SILVERTOWN COMPANY, THAMES HOUSE, MILLBANK, S.W.1.

RAPHAEL TUCK & SONS'

Christmas Cards & CALENDARS

LOOK FOR NAME AND TRADE MARK

OBTAINABLE FROM HIGH-CLASS STATIONERS & STORES

If you are sending Christmas Cards with your name and address, ask to see TUCK'S "ROYAL and SELECTED" Sample Book.

VAREEN *The Satisfaction Liquid Nail Polish*

A Pleasure to use. Durable in colour and finish. Gives an exquisite finishing tone to My Lady's Toilet.

● *FAVOURITE COLOURS*

Natural, Rose, Pale Coral, Coral, Deep Rose, Pearl, Blush Pearl, Rose Pearl, White, Lake Red, Orange, Carnation, Dark Red, etc.

Liquid Nail-Polish	1/-, 1/6 and 2/6
Remover	1/- and 1/6
Cuticle Cream	1/- and 1/6
Nail White Pencil, which is also an effective cuticle remover	1/-
Vareen Oily Polish Remover	1/-

(SPECIALLY RECOMMENDED).

Obtainable from: Messrs. Harrods, Barkers, Marshall & Snelgrove, Selfridges, Whiteleys, all Stores and Chemists, including Boots Branches, Hairdressers, and Manicurists.

VAREEN LTD., LONDON, W.11.

HAIR BEAUTY ASSURED

Well rub into the roots of your hair every day a little ROWLAND S MACASSAR OIL. This will promote the growth, keep it in perfect condition and impart to it a lovely glossiness. It does not make the hair sticky.

Send for Free Booklet on the hair.

Of all Chemists and Stores, 3/6, 7/- and 10/6.

A. ROWLAND & SONS, LTD.
22, LAYSTALL STREET, Rosebery Avenue, E.C.1.

IT WOULD BE A Leica

Undoubtedly the camera for all occasions. Fast-moving subjects or dull light will not handicap your photography when you have a Leica. The leading miniature camera with automatic focussing by built-in rangefinder. You can take snapshots at your Christmas party or in the theatre, and, of course, **all** outdoor subjects in **any** light. Quicker than other still cameras the Leica takes two photographs per second with the new rapid shutter winding device. Weighs 18 ozs.—takes 12 to 36 pictures at one loading. Double or blank exposures impossible. Model III, with F/2 Summar Lens in sunk mount, **£39 10s.** Chromium finish **26/-** extra. Also Model IIIa, speeded up to 1/1000th sec., **£43.** Other models from **£26 10s.** Generous part exchanges. Five days' free trial against full cash deposit.

Lists post free.

WALLACE HEATON, LTD.
119, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1
'Phone: Mayfair 0924/5/6/7
and at 47, Berkeley Street, W.1
By Appointment

MOTOR SALESMAN (*to disappointed customer*): *"I told you the car was a good one, and I still say so"*
PURCHASER OF SECOND-HAND 'BARGAIN': *"Oh! well what you say doesn't go!"*

Society's favourite Sweetmeat!

You can now obtain all the year round the world famous "A.G. BRAND" ELVAS Plums in the form of meltingly delicious and dainty CHOCOLATES.
Like A.G. Elvas Plums they are something utterly different in Chocolates and are suitable for every occasion that demands something specially good.
Insist always on the A.G. Brand label on the Boxes of Plums and Chocolates to be sure of getting the best. Obtainable from Fortnum and Masons, Jacksons, Army and Navy Stores, Barkers, Selfridges, etc. In case of difficulty write to AGELVAS, 75, Bridge Road, London, W.6.

A.G. BRAND ELVAS PLUMS AND CHOCOLATES

. . the link expands

For a wash or odd job the EXPANDA Cuff Links are indispensable. These ingenious links extend as you pull up your sleeve.

Rolled Gold Hand-Engraved } **2/6**

Double Extension 3/6

From Good Gent's Stores, including Horne Bros. and Hope's. In difficulty send to

Stratton & Co., Ltd. (Dept. B), Balmoral Works, Birmingham

Stratton's EXPANDA CUFF LINKS

Pan Yan

1885-1935

49 Merry Christmases with Pan Yan Pickle, and may the 50th be Merrier than ever with Pan Yan again helping your Christmas digestion.
With Pan Yan Pickle on your plate you can have three good helpings of cold Turkey and not worry about the consequences.
A Merry Christmas to you with Pan Yan the famous digestive pickle.

A MACONOCHIE PRODUCT

MACONOCHIE BROS. LTD., LONDON, E.14

"THE BYSTANDER" CHRISTMAS NUMBER

POSTAGE RATES

Great Britain 4d. Abroad 4d.
Canada 1½d.

AN INSTITUTION
in Entertaining and Hospitality

GRANT'S MORELLA CHERRY BRANDY
Queen's Sweet
Sportsman's Dry

"For all home entertaining have this lovely liqueur — famous for over a century."

Little Lady Liqueur

WELCOME ALWAYS — KEEP IT HANDY

From your Wine Merchant or write . . .
T. GRANT & SONS, Ltd. MAIDSTONE, Eng. (*Est.* 1774)

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN for the Proprietors, ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LIMITED, by THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AND SKETCH, LIMITED, Milford Lane, Strand, London, W.C.2, and Published by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LIMITED, at 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1935.
Entered as second-class mail matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office. American Agents: International News Company, New York.
Sole Agents for South Africa: Central News Agency, Limited.

RADIUM *v.* GREY HAIR

20 Years Younger!

It's astonishing how grey hairs age one, but still more astonishing how a short course of **'Caradium'** Hair Restorer makes the grey-haired look 10 to 20 years younger. 'Caradium' is not a **Dye** or **Stain**. The secret of its wonderful power rests partly in the Radio-active water with which it is prepared, and its results look natural because **'Caradium'** regrows the original beautiful colour right from the hair roots. 'Caradium' will stop your HAIR FALLING AND REMOVE EVERY TRACE OF DANDRUFF AT ONCE.

Write for Hair Book

'Caradium' is NOT A DYE

The use of Caradium is absolutely undetectable, so natural is the course of restoration.

'Caradium' has, during the last twenty years, restored many thousands of heads with grey and impoverished hair to perfect health, colour and beauty. Sheaves of original testimonials from all parts (can be seen at the House of Caradium) speak highly in praise of this wonderful preparation.

GREY HAIR WILL NEVER APPEAR IF 'CARADIUM' RESTORER IS USED ONCE WEEKLY AS A TONIC

'Caradium' Shampoo Powders. The finest in the world for producing Soft and Glossy hair, 6d. each. Packets of twelve, 5/-.

WARNING.—Ask for Caradium Regd. and see that you get it; imitations are useless.

Caradium REGD.

4/- A 4/- size is now available for those only slightly grey. 'Caradium' Hair Restorer is obtainable of all good Chemists, Harrods, Whiteleys, Barkers, Selfridges, Timothy Whites, Boots, Taylor's Drug Stores, etc., or direct in plain wrapper (overseas postage 2/6 extra from :—

Large Size **7/6**

CARADIUM (Regd.), 38, Great Smith Street, Westminster, London

'AHOY!' BRITISH SEA GAMES

- **DRAKE.** An old-time game combining the skill of chess with the romance of the sea. With chart printed on glazed linen, 3 galleons, 3 privateers, tide counters, calm indicator and book of rules. **£1.1.0**
- **SHIP-AHOY.** Introduces the principles of *real sailing* in a thrilling yacht race, for 2 to 6 players. **10/6**
- **FLOTILLA.** A particularly good game of realistic naval tactics, for 2 players. **5/-** and **7/6**
- **SISTER SHIPS.** Nautical "Snap," with delightful cards depicting different types of ships. **2/6**
- **ROUND THE ISLAND RACE.** Yacht race round Isle of Wight, or Arran. **2/6**
- **OTHER GAMES** for 2, 3 or 4 players. **HEXWAY,** played with roads and houses, printed on 80 hexagons. Simple enough for chi'dren, subtle enough for grown-ups, **3/6.** **THE GREAT AIR RACE** from England to Australia, **2/6**

See these at Leading Stores, Toy-shops and Booksellers; Illustrated List free from Publishers: Dept. T.

ROBERT ROSS & CO. LTD., 2, ALBION TERRACE, SOUTHAMPTON.

WEIRD STORIES

A most entertaining book of Mystery and the Occult, containing more than sixty short stories of absorbing interest relating weird personal experiences, all written by responsible people in good faith.

200 PAGES IN CLOTH-BOUND COVER

PRICE **2/6** PER COPY

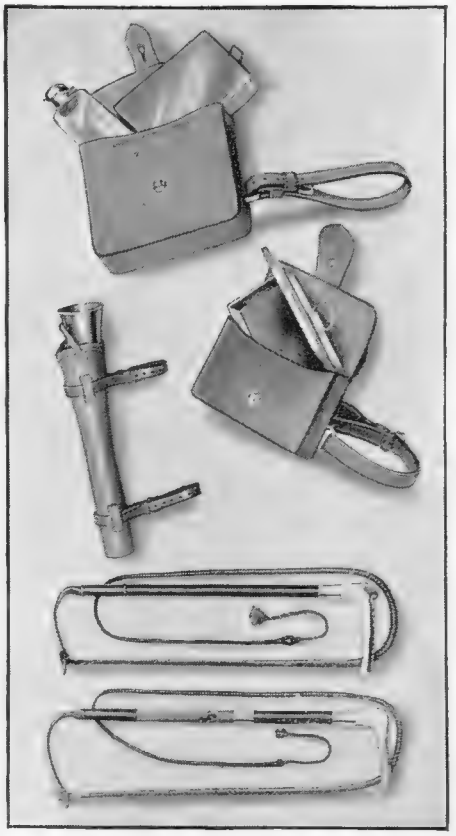
(Postage 4d. extra).

Order with remittance to be sent to—

ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, Ltd., 346, Strand, London, W.C.2.

G. P. Estab. 1851

HUNTING GIFTS



WHAT could be more acceptable as a seasonable gift for your friends who ride or hunt — than something connected with this great sport? Our splendid stock of Hunting Whips, Canteens, Flasks, Gloves, Saddles and other accessories give you a wide range of choice, and in dealing with us you have the knowledge that every article is in keeping with our long reputation for quality and reasonable price.

Description of Goods Illustrated

HUNTING CANTEEN, 5¾ x 5½ x 1⅞ in., containing Sandwich Box in Britannia Metal with fall back lid and Hunting Flask, E.P. bayonet top **60/-**

SANDWICH BOX in Britannia Metal with fall back lid, in leather case, 5½ x 3½ x 1 in. deep, complete **30/-**

COPPER HUNTING HORN **15/-** and **12/6** each

LEATHER CASE for same **18/6** and **22/6**

HUNTING WHIP, plaited leather, silver mount, with thong **25/-**

Ditto, with E.P. mount . **21/-**

Write for full Lists.

Geo. PARKER & SONS (SADDLERS) LTD.

ONLY ADDRESS :

12, Upper St. Martin's Lane, London, W.C.2

Telephone : Temple Bar 1164. Telegrams : "Cavesson, Lesquare, London."

The Beautiful "FLATLOCK" SEAMS (Regd.)

on underwear

OUTLAST the GARMENTS

"Flatlock" Seams are PERFECTLY FLAT, Strong, Smooth and give

GREAT COMFORT

When buying underwear be sure and ask for

"FLATLOCK" SEAMS

Sample pieces of the Seams and further particulars are obtainable from

Willcox & Gibbs S.M. Co., Ltd.

Chief Office : **20, Fore Street, London, E.C.2**

By Appointment

The Royal Scots . . . . number one of British Infantry Regiments in the Army List. Regiment raised by Charles I in 1633 but has actual proof of being a military unit in 1421. King George V in 1933 conferred upon the pipers of the Regiment the right to wear his personal tartan—the Royal Stuart.
"Black & White" Scotch Whisky is "number one" among Scotch Whiskies. It has been honoured by the Royal Appointment.

"The Royal Scots"

"BLACK & WHITE"

SCOTCH WHISKY

FAMOUS THE WORLD OVER

Vol. CXXVIII.—No. 1868

The Bystander

Christmas 1935 Number

2/-

An Ideal Present for a friend OVERSEAS

For a friend in a foreign country or in the Colonies, there is no greater joy than to receive The BYSTANDER every week—full of cheery and exciting news and pictures about the bright life in the old country. For the modest sum below, our Publisher will dispatch for you for twenty-six weeks—no worry, no wrapper writing, no posting. A note to the Publisher, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2, or a request to your regular Newsagent and the deed is done for you.

£1-11-4 (CANADA £1 : 9 : 3) sends THE BYSTANDER to a friend overseas for SIX MONTHS

"THE BYSTANDER" SUBSCRIPTION RATES

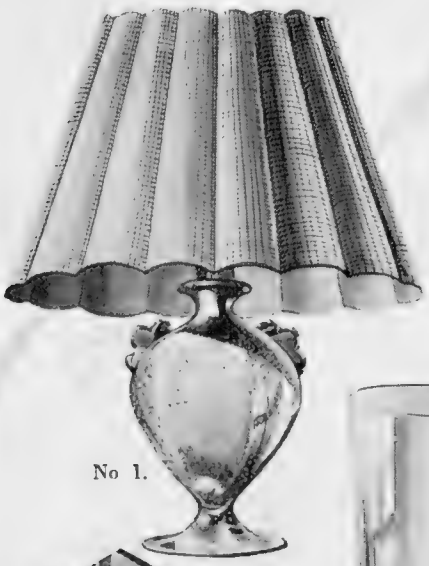
	Twelve Months, including Xmas Number	*Six Months, including Xmas Number*	*Six Months, No Extras*	*Three Months, No Extras*
INLAND	£3 0s. 10d.	£1 11s. 6d.	£1 9s. 3d.	14s. 9d.
CANADA	£3 0s. 8d.	£1 10s. 6d.	£1 9s. 3d.	14s. 9d.
ELSEWHERE ABROAD	£3 5s. 0d.	£1 13s. 8d.	£1 11s. 4d.	15s. 9d.

WRITE TO THE PUBLISHER, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2 —HE WILL DO THE REST.

(Or if more convenient you can place the order with your regular Newsagent or Bookseller.)

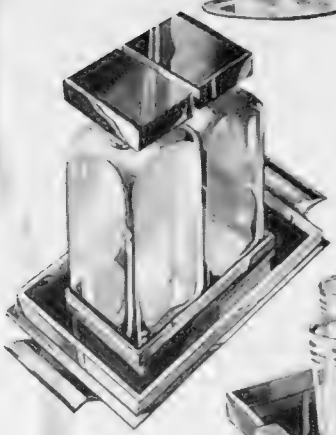
259 P 396

AS A COMPLIMENT TO THE RECIPIENT — CHOOSE YOUR GIFTS AT MARSHALL & SNELGROVE'S



No 1.

No. 2.



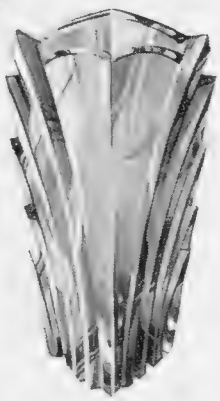
No. 3.

No. 4.

3. Modern glass Decanter Set on a chromium-mounted tray. Price 5 Gns.

No. 5.

5. Unique Whisky Set—decanter and six glasses, exquisite design in gold leaf. Price 75/-



No. 6.

6. Magnificent Cut Glass Vase of outstanding workmanship. Price 7 Gns.

1. Attractive Venetian Table Lamp, obtainable in green, pink & white. Price 49/6

2. The newest spotted muslin Glass Vase with coloured base - - - - Price 17/6

4. A practical gift for all—Lager or Lemonade Set - - - - - - - - Price 29/6
Spirit-proof Tray, 20" by 10", 19/6.

The Group on the Table :

7. Marshall and Snelgrove offer the newest and most delightful Sherry Sets in many designs - - - - - - Price 49/6

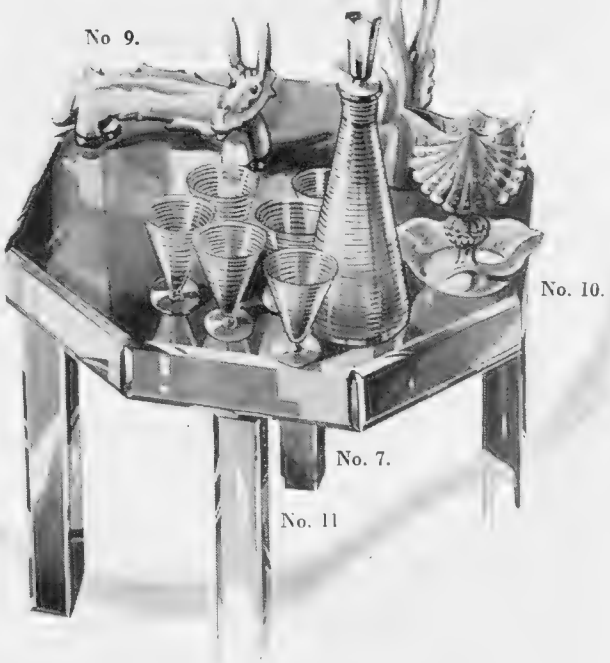
8. and 9. Original Venetian Glass Figures—something unusual—but lovely Prices 49/6 and 35/-

10. A gift for all—Ash-tray and Cigarette-holder of attractive design Price 15/-

11. Mirror Table, obtainable in pale blue, or green. Price 10 Gns.

No. 8.

No 9.



No. 10.

No. 7.

No. 11

Marshall & Snelgrove

Tel: Mayfair 6600 Debenhams Ltd

VERE ST. & OXFORD ST. LONDON.W.1.

LE TOUQUET

Christmas Season

December 21st to January 2nd

CASINO de la FORET

Roulette Baccarat

and the hotels

HERMITAGE & WESTMINSTER

WILL BE OPEN

HUNTING WITH
LE TOUQUET DRAG HOUNDS

CHRISTMAS & NEW YEAR GALA NIGHTS

GOLF TOURNAMENT.

A WELCOME XMAS GIFT FOR DOG LOVERS

Studies by AMBLER

CÆSAR'S WIFE

Copies of each picture in full colour, on plate-sunk mounts (actual size of picture 15″ × 10¼″), can be supplied at **5/-** each.
Copies signed by the artist **10/-** each.
Postage in each case 6d. extra.
Or framed complete in best quality ½″ Polished Black Moulding, with plywood back, and glass. Size over all 20¾″ × 16¾″. Packed in wooden crate and carriage paid in Great Britain and Ireland (excluding the Irish Free State) **10/6** each.
Or copies signed by the artist **15/6** each.

ISHMAEL

WHO'S TOP DOG NOW?

Orders, with remittance, to be sent to:—

ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS,
346, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2

Lucky charms—

BUY THIS fragile gilt bracelet for 3/11 and as many of these delightful hand-carved wooden charms as you like. There are birds, pagodas, rabbits, dogs, men and women for 2/6 each. Ten is the maximum for one bracelet, but you can start with one or two and gradually add to your collection.

and handkerchiefs—

EVERYONE, from a very young girl to her grandmother, would appreciate this sheer white linen handkerchief with elephants and roses woven into its net border. ½ dozen cost 6/3.

Write or 'phone for your free copy of Harvey Nichols' Christmas Magazine.

HARVEY NICHOLS
OF KNIGHTSBRIDGE

Harvey Nichols & Co., Ltd., London, S.W.1. SLOane 3440.

WHY REMAIN GREY?
FREE TREATISE

Nothing is more ageing than prematurely greyed hair, and until recently few things were more difficult to combat. The woman of taste disliked the idea of hair dyes because they were hard and artificial in effect, yet there was no other treatment available.

Now science has discovered a way to bring back the colour and gloss to faded hair by natural methods that not only restores the colour, but tones up the scalp and promotes the growth of new hair—that re-creates naturally your hair's real colour and beauty from root to tip, no matter how long the greyness has existed.

You'll find the secret of how to look five, ten, fifteen years younger between the slim covers of the Boudoir Book.

It will be sent free on request. Write to The Facktative Co. (Suite 18), 66, Victoria Street, Westminster, London, S.W.1.

THE ONLY METHOD ENDORSED BY THE PRESS.

Let ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS Help You When You Go to Paris and Berlin.

AT the PARIS Offices of "The Illustrated London News," "The Sphere," "The Sketch," "The Tatler," "The Bystander," "Britannia and Eve," "The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News," 65 and 67, Avenue des Champs Elysées, and at BERLIN, 32, Kurfürstendamm, there is a comfortable Reading Room where current and back copies of these publications may be read. In addition, advice and information will gladly be given free of charge, on hotels, travel, amusements, shops, and the despatch of packages to all countries throughout the world.

The ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS Reading Room in Paris.

All Continental Business Enquiries should be addressed to: PARIS Office: 65-67, Avenue des Champs Elysées *for* France, Channel Islands, Monaco, Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, Italy, Spain, Portugal, Austria, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Yugoslavia, and the Balkan States.

BERLIN Office: Kurfürstendamm, 32 *for* Germany, Scandinavia, The Baltic States, Russia and Poland.

prelude to parties

prelude: a short introductory strain preceding the general movement. and it *is* a strain when the general movement of social events is towards parties, dances and christmas festivities. that is, unless you are acquainted with corot's convenient credit system.

let your prelude, therefore, be conducted with leisurely ease, for instalment . . . modest monthly payments . . . does not impose an undue strain on even the slenderest allowance.

a postcard or 'phone call will bring you our latest catalogue from which to make your choice.

"rosemary for remembrance" definitely in the picturesque mood for party occasions is this delicious gown in heavy poult, with it's intriguingly demure neckline and so-engaging sleeves.

6 gns.

or 18/- monthly.

corot

(dept. b.s.696),
33 old bond street,
london, w.1. regent 0234

PERSONAL APPEAL

FROM

THE EARL OF GRANARD

AND

FIELD-MARSHAL LORD MILNE

The time has come when, as President and Chairman of The Cancer Hospital (Free), we must ask you to allow us to make an urgent and even pathetic appeal for help. We must have immediate financial assistance to enable the Hospital to deal with the extraordinary necessities crowding upon us daily in our efforts to combat this terrible disease, which seems, alas, to increase and not diminish and to which any one of us may, at short notice, fall a victim.

We have to deal with three main tasks: (*a*) The cure or alleviation of cancer where it is not too far advanced; (*b*) The care of those in whom the disease is so far advanced as to be incurable; (*c*) Research for the discovery of its cause and cure.

It will be fully appreciated what a formidable field these investigations and treatment must cover and what a vast expense is incurred to do human justice to all. We cannot grapple with this responsibility unless we can secure substantial help.

Granard

Milne F.M.

The Cancer Hospital

(FREE)

FULHAM ROAD, LONDON, S.W.3

"High standard of practical utility"

"The annual report of the Royal Surgical Aid Society . . . shows that the Society is living up to the high standard of practical utility which it has manifested since its start. And that is a considerable period, for it was established in 1862 at a time when no Institution existed through which the needy patient could obtain much choice of the required surgical appliances."—*The Lancet.*

Please support this invaluable work which has supplied over

1,590,000 appliances to the poor.

An Annual Subscription of **10s. 6d.** or a Life Subscription of **£5 5s.** entitles the Subscriber to two "Letters" each year—and so on in proportion.

Address: THE SECRETARY

Royal Surgical Aid Society

Patron: H.M. The King.

Head Office: SALISBURY SQUARE, FLEET ST., LONDON, E.C.4.

Kindly mention the "Bystander" in your reply.

NEWSVENDORS' BENEVOLENT & PROVIDENT INSTITUTION

(FOUNDED 1839)

For the relief of distress amongst disabled and aged Members of all sections of the distributing side of the News Trade, their widows and dependent children.

£8,000 is distributed annually in Pensions, Temporary Aid and other forms of assistance.

Please send a Christmas Gift to
The Secretary, 15/16, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

Christmas Thoughts

Some Charities That

Dr. Barnardo's Homes

THE 8300 destitute children who comprise the great Barnardo family are looking forward to Christmas with as much enthusiasm as any, and although the organisation has so many pressing claims on its resources, everything possible will be done, this year as every year, to ensure that it shall be a time of real happiness for them. But it is a hard struggle to find the funds, when twenty-five thousand meals have got to be provided every day. A gift of 10s. will feed a Barnardo child for a fortnight, and no one can consider that the money would be ill-spent! The address is, Dr. Barnardo's Homes, 74, Barnardo House, Stepney Causeway, London, E.1.

The Cancer Hospital

THE Cancer Hospital (Free) has been at work now for more than eighty years, fighting against this dreadful enemy of modern civilisation, both by means of scientific research and by the alleviation of actual suffering. Many thousands of poor people, the victims of cancer, have had the satisfaction of receiving treatment here which they would never ordinarily have been able to afford, and many thousands more stand to benefit from the immensely important research work which is going on at present and in which a big step forward has recently been made. Money is urgently needed for the continuation of these services to humanity, and subscriptions should be addressed to the Secretary, The Cancer Hospital (Free), Fulham Road, S.W.3.

Imperial Cancer Research Fund

THE Imperial Cancer Research Fund is another of the vanguard elements of civilisation, fighting against disease with the unwearying persistence that its relentless march demands. The fund was started in 1902, and since that time very considerable progress has been made towards discovering the origins of cancer. It is a task, however, that cannot be accomplished rapidly, nor can immediate and startling results be expected. This makes it all the more important that people should realise that the work must be continued and that funds given for this purpose are serving a great national need. The address of the fund is 8-11, Queen Square, W.C.1, and communications should be addressed to the Hon. Treasurer.

N.S.P.C.C.

FOR fifty years the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children has been at work on a task with which everyone must sympathise but of which few people realise the magnitude. The Society has a large body of Inspectors constantly enquiring into cases of alleged brutality or neglect, but there are many which still go unreported just because people do not know of the Society's existence or are hesitant to invoke its aid. Since its foundation the Society has been successful in rescuing more than four million children from conditions which might otherwise have cast a blight over their whole lives, and generous public support is needed so that this record of service to the community can be maintained. Contributions will be gratefully received by the Treasurer, Sir G. Wyatt Truscott, Bt., The N.S.P.C.C., Victory House, Leicester Square, W.C.2.

THIS CHRISTMASTIDE PLEASE REMEMBER THE

480 *Beds* 6,320 *In-Patients*

ROYAL NORTHERN HOSPITAL

360,703 *Out-Patient Attendances*

HOLLOWAY *Gilbert G. Panter, Secretary* LONDON, N.7.

£300 a day needed to treat 1,400 patients a day.

for Other People

Deserve Your Help

The Church Army

IN providing hampers of food for poor families at Christmas time, the Church Army makes a real contribution to the sum total of the festive season's cheerfulness. The gratitude of the recipients knows no bounds, for there is none to whom Christmas does not mean something, but many who cannot afford even the smallest celebration in its honour—many who, this Christmas, will even be short of food, unless the Church Army steps in. This isn't a very pleasant thought for those of us who know that we shall be enjoying ourselves . . . and a small gift will go a long way, while £5 will cover the wants of as many as ten families. The man to communicate with is Prebendary Carlile, C.H., D.D., at 55, Bryanston Street, London. W.1, and subscriptions will be gratefully welcomed.

The Royal Surgical Aid Society

THERE is a great number of people who, as the result of illness or accident, are now without work, but who, if only they could afford the necessary surgical appliances, would have the immense satisfaction of feeling themselves useful members of society once more. Thus, the Royal Surgical Aid Society, in helping them, helps in many cases to relieve not only physical, but mental anguish as well. It has assisted no fewer than 1,590,000 people since its foundation, and at present is making a special appeal on behalf of those needing help in the Durham district, which is one of the hardest hit of the distressed areas. Contributions either to this or to the General Fund will be of great value. They should be addressed to the Secretary, Royal Surgical Aid Society, Salisbury Square, London, E.C.4.

The Newsvendors' Benevolent and Provident Institution

THIS is a charity for a particular trade, but the ramifications of that trade are extremely wide, and it benefits a tremendous number of people. Unhappily the assured income of the Institution from investments is only sufficient to meet half the demands that are made on its funds. All the rest has to come from subscriptions, and as the demands are at present on the increase, it is very important that the response to the appeal that is made every year should be really generous. Any assistance given will be very greatly appreciated, because there are numerous cases of genuine need which call for relief, but which cannot be met as they should unless that assistance is forthcoming. The Secretary's address is: Newsvendors' Benevolent and Provident Institution, 45-47, Memorial Hall Buildings, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

Royal Northern Hospital

THE Royal Northern Hospital at Holloway is situated in the middle of one of the largest poor areas in the whole of London, and it serves the needs of more than a million people, to whom its name is a household word. Although these people give as much help to it as ever they can, their subscriptions are necessarily small and are alone not sufficient for its upkeep. The possibility of wards having to be closed for lack of funds is never very far distant, and this, if it were to happen, would be a veritable disaster. That is why this appeal has a note of urgency which all who are generous-minded cannot fail to appreciate. Anything you can send should be addressed to the Secretary, Royal Northern Hospital, Holloway, N.7.

IMPERIAL CANCER RESEARCH FUND

Patron—**HIS MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE KING.**
President—**HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF BEDFORD, K.G.**
Chairman of the Executive Committee—**SIR HUMPHRY ROLLESTON, BT., G.C.V.O., K.C.B.**
Hon. Treasurer—**SIR HOLBURT WARING, BT., C.B.E., F.R.C.S.**
Director—**DR. W. E. GYE.**

Founded in 1902, under the direction of the Royal College of Physicians of London and the Royal College of Surgeons of England, as a centre for cancer research, the Imperial Cancer Research Fund is working unceasingly in the cause of suffering humanity. The whole resources are devoted to the systematic investigation of the cancer problem. The administrative cost of the Fund (Office Salaries, Advertising, Printing, Legal Expenses, etc.) amounts to only 10 per cent. of the total annual expenditure.

While the Honorary Treasurer desires to thank all those who have hitherto supported this fund, the income from investments and the Endowment fund is still insufficient to meet the annual expenditure.

Donations, Subscriptions and Legacies are earnestly solicited and should be sent to the Hon. Treasurer, 8/11, Queen Square, London, W.C.1, or paid direct to the Westminster Bank, Ltd., Marylebone Branch, 1, Stratford Place, London, W.1. A/c Imperial Cancer Research Fund.

FORM OF BEQUEST

I hereby bequeath the sum of £ to the Treasurer of the Imperial Cancer Research Fund under the direction of the Royal College of Physicians of London and the Royal College of Surgeons of England, 8-11, Queen Square, Bloomsbury, London, W.C.1, for the purpose of Scientific Research, and I direct that his receipt shall be a good discharge for such legacy.

DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES

Please be Santa Claus to a destitute little one this Christmas.

8,300 children being supported.

10/-

will feed one child for a fortnight at the Christmas Season.

Cheques and Orders payable "Dr. Barnardo's Homes Food Fund," and crossed, should be sent to Dr. Barnardo's Homes, 74 Barnardo House, Stepney Causeway, London, E.1.

DEPRIVED—

not of Parents but of their love

WHEN LOVE GOES, and neglect, ill-treatment take its place—then for a little child it is the end of the world. The N.S.P.C.C. exists to prevent the suffering of children. 109,791 were helped last year.

Please help with a Christmas gift, to Hon. Treas., Sir G. Wyatt Truscott, Bt., or Director, Wm. J. Elliott, NATIONAL SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO CHILDREN, Victory House, Leicester Square, London, W.C.2. (Chairman: The Most Hon. The Marquess of Titchfield, M.P.).

N·S·P·C·C

President: H.R.H. THE DUKE OF KENT.

QUERY

Am I helping someone less fortunate than myself this Christmas?

COUNTLESS poor families will have no Christmas celebrations at all, unless given a helping hand. This you can do through the Church Army. Parcels of good fare—bought in wholesale quantities—will be distributed to thousands of homes in genuine need.

£5 provides parcels for TEN poor families **10/-** makes one family happy

YOU, IF YOU WILL, CAN TURN SADNESS INTO GLADNESS by sending a gift now to Preb. Carlile, C.H., D.D., 55, Bryanston Street, LONDON, W.1

CHURCH ARMY

COLDS STRIKE SWIFTLY— BUT 'ASPRO' IS SWIFTER

Colds are about — they strike swiftly. Don't let them harm you — THEY CAN'T — if you take 'ASPRO' tablets. 'ASPRO' is swift in action—it dispels the dizziness and weakness due to the feverish conditions and reduces the temperature. The aches and pains—the "fed-up" feeling—the sniffling and sneezing are banished too. So keep 'ASPRO' handy—ready for emergency — ready for action. Remember it is a definite fact that

2 'ASPRO' TABLETS AND A HOT LEMON DRINK WILL SMASH A COLD IN ONE NIGHT

TRY 'ASPRO' FOR

INFLUENZA
HEADACHES
SLEEPLESSNESS OR INSOMNIA
NEURALGIA
SCIATICA
GOUT
COLDS
LUMBAGO
IRRITABILITY
NEURITIS
HAY FEVER
NERVE SHOCK
TOOTHACHE
RHEUMATISM
ALCOHOLIC AFTER EFFECTS
PAINS PECULIAR TO WOMEN
MALARIA
ASTHMA

'ASPRO' consists of the purest Acetylsalicylic Acid that has ever been known to Medical Science, and its claims are based on its superiority.

Made in England by
ASPRO Limited
SLOUGH, BUCKS.
Telephone: SLOUGH 608

No proprietary right is claimed in the method of manufacture or the formula.

ALL LEADING CHEMISTS & STORES STOCK AND DISPLAY 'ASPRO'

'ASPRO' REG. TRADE MARK

PRICES WITHIN THE REACH OF ALL 3d. 6d. 1/3 & 2/6

By Appointment.

By Appointment.

Concentrated Bath Essences

(A few drops sprinkled into the bath will soften the water and leave a delicate and lasting perfume)

ROSE GERANIUM

CARNATION JASMINE

ENGLISH VIOLETS

Floris, Perfumer

89, *Jermyn Street, London, S.W.*

RIDING OUTFITS

FOR LADIES GENTS AND JUVENILES

Best in Quality, Make and Style. Very Reasonable in Price

RIDING BREECHES or JODHPURS *Ladies' or Gent's* **21/-** *to* **60/-**

JACKET & BREECHES or JODHPURS *from Ladies or Gents* **84/-**

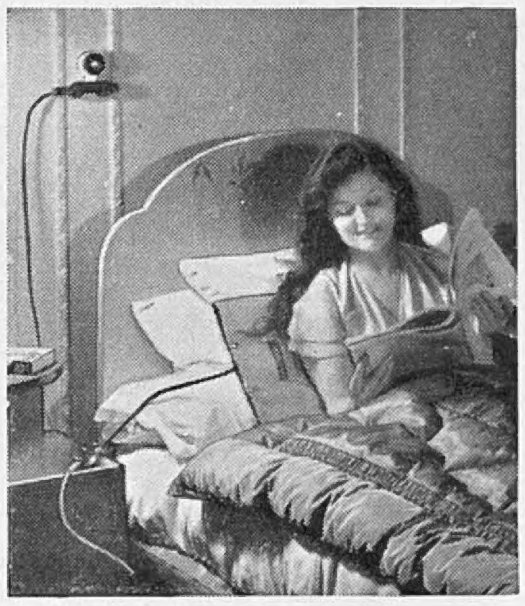
BREECHES or JODHPURS for Juveniles *from* **13/6**

JACKET & BREECHES *from* **60/-**

We stock Ready-to-Wear Riding Gar-

Make your Bed

DAMP-FREE

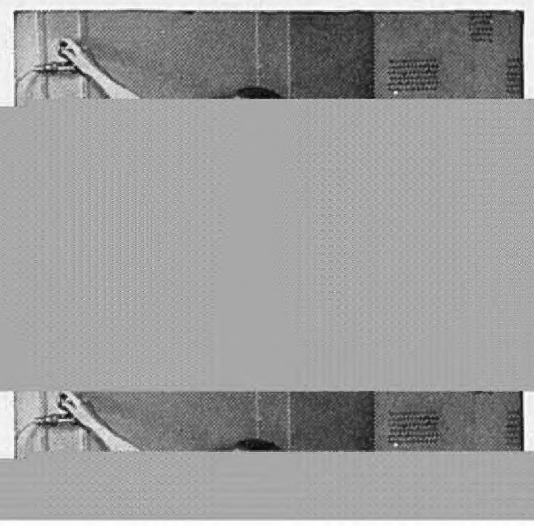


IDEAL AS CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

"Thermega" Blankets and Pads can be used on any voltage 100 to 250. Thermostat control regulates temperature. 12 to 17 hours constant warmth for one unit.

Blankets and Pads from **63/-** and **31/6** respectively. Special Singleheat Blanket,

Bed Dampness is the great enemy of health. It causes Sleeplessness, Chills, Rheumatism and similar ailments. The first time the "Thermega" Electrically Heated Blanket is used, it needs **3** to **4** hours to reach correct temperature. This shows how damp is the average bed. On following nights, an hour or so will be found sufficient. 3-heat Electric Pads for local application are ideal for relief of all pain or replacing water-bottles.



Here's a present that won't wreck your budget—yet is the best that money can buy. Anzora — the hair fixative that's been a household word for 30 years —the gift that every man will welcome. Contains two bottles of Anzora Cream and a bottle of Anzora Brilliantine in an attractive Gift Casket. It's the gift of hair neatness for months to come.

The Piano which inspires romance

The Piano which responds to every mood

The Piano which inspires composers

The Piano which lasts for generations

BLÜTHNER

"The Piano with the Golden Tone"

Any make of Piano taken in part payment. BLÜTHNER & CO. LTD., 17/21 WIGMORE STREET, W.1 Deferred terms up to three years.

There are ***TWO*** *kinds of*

MARTINI

MARTINI VERMOUTH SWEET
& **DRY** MARTINI VERMOUTH

□ □ □

Whenever a happy occasion is to be marked by a toast or there are guests to welcome, "MARTINI" or "DRY MARTINI"—is the drink the whole world knows and serves. Taken plain, sweet or dry, there is nothing to beat it. With a dash of Gin and Bitters it gives you unlimited scope for mixing a variety of drinks. Experience will convince you that there is no substitute and that the Trade Mark "MARTINI" is your guarantee of quality.

Insist on genuine Martini Vermouth.

LOOK FOR THE NAME

MARTINI

MARTINI & ROSSI

"LA NATURELLE" TRANSFORMATION

With "La Naturelle" you can have the shade of hair you have always admired in others and longed for yourself—Consider the advantage of having always a perfect coiffure without frequent visits to the hairdresser—weighing only an ounce, slipped on in a moment, and absolutely undetectable in wear—a perfect boon. Portfolio of new styles sent post free—Deferred payments if desired.

PERMANENT WAVING BY LONDON'S LEADING ARTISTES.

No charge is made for consultation and advice.

MAISON GEORGES 40 BUCKINGHAM PALACE ROAD, LONDON, S.W.1.

'Phone: VICTORIA 5943 and 5944 ONLY ADDRESS

'OVALTINE'

And so to bed...